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# Maclean's

JULY 5, 1982

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CANADIAN WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

JULY 5, 1982 VOL. 15 NO. 27

## COVER

### A prince is born

In the heady aftermath of the Falklands victory, Britain was again swept by jubilation when Princess Diana gave birth to a healthy boy. The little prince will inherit 22 moneys of royal heritage as well as fabulous riches, bringing a £15 million will enough reluctantly. But Prince Charles, the event provided all the joys every new father feels

—Page 21



### A new chance for peace

As the people of West Berlin counted their dead and wounded, behind-the-scenes diplomacy on three continents sought to preserve a delicate ceasefire

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### To Canada with love

With Lorraine Monk's photo selection and Harold Town's introductory essay, a new publication celebrates the country in all its varied moods

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### The general quits the fight

Secretary of State Alexander Haig resigned after 18 eventful months of frequently public battles with senior members of Ronald Reagan's White House staff

—Page 20



### A secret romance

Beautiful divorcee Pilar Josefa Carrillo de Mexico has a famous new boyfriend. They were discovered vacationing on a remote South Pacific island

—Page 61

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Maclean's July 1, 1982

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**EDITORIAL** By Peter C. Newman



## A birthday for the best of places in the worst of times

**S**olden, if ever before, has July 1, our national birthday, fallen on such evil times. The tally of the unemployed has surpassed the number of Canadians mobilized to fight the Second World War. Our present intentions and future aspirations are being poisoned by sky-high interest rates. Our dollar has become a joke.

Yet, in a curious way, these and other problems have made us more aware of the shifting grace of our physical surroundings. In earlier and more carefree days, our astounding geography was largely ignored as a majestic backdrop.

To reward Canadians of you who have splendid a country we inhabit, this issue features an excerpt from Lorraine Moen's dazzling new book, *Canada With Love* (pages 86-83). In his accompanying essay, artist Howard Tyagi notes: "Canada is a vast, half-frozen landscape in search of a country. As a people we are chained to the mystery of our endless sky, to the sudden flooding rush of spring, the fat busts of summer, and the ruthless death of winter through which in every crack of ice we see the green promise of a mystical tomorrow. We are wanderers in the largest uninhabited country in the world, refusing to weld ourselves into a specific people who bear a banner of race and mission. Unlike nations with a perceived destiny do we not push out from our frontiers to claim a larger part of the planet either through war or cultural influence."

This will to survive is at the core of what it means to be Canadian. We may be a nation in trouble but we are here, and it is our shared, if mute, sense of place that has made us unique. Almost subconsciously, we share a kind of valor in our stand against the sprawl of progress. The struggle that has formed our national character—such as it is—has not been a contest against other people but against the cold and the wind and the rock. This is a clean battle but it yields few victories, aplly the postpartum of defeat. We live in an angry land filled with wonders.

For we, the most compelling fact about the greatest wonderland that is the Canadian Identity is that it will remain a useless quest. We can never be pinned down. Canada is a nation of 24 million characters in search of an author, a country of anonymous individuals who refuse to be categorized. At the same time, we hate to get out of step, we are careful people who would rather swallow our strongest feelings than reveal what we really think about one another.

The dominant sensibility in the way society that passes for Canada exists has not been focused in the cities, where most of us now live. It was born in the wilderness that our parents and grandparents fought to tame. It was there in the bitter winters of deep-country solitude that our predecessors discovered the eternal loneliness of the soul.

They made it through—and so will we.

Maclean's July 1, 1982

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## LETTERS

### Ferocity of Islam

The Israeli invasion of Lebanon makes me see an especially significant development in the whole, complex script of Middle East tensions [Israel's Lightning Strike, Cover, June 25]. The state simply does not possess the mythology to compete with the Israelis. The Iranians, on the other hand, have received a devastating blow and irreversibility from their adherence to Khomeini and Islam. The apocalyptic consciousness of Iran offers a lesson to the other Moslem countries in the Middle East: unite under the ferocity of Islam or suffer the necessary consequences. The Arab world will never achieve its proper dignity except insofar as it embraces its mythological roots. Israeli tanks drive that point home.

—JOHN WOODSWORTH CALIFORNIA

Editorial

### Racers command respect

I am sure that I am speaking for many auto-racing fans when I think you find the excellent article written by Ed Quinn [Daredevil Drivers, page 26, The Post-Newsweek Today, June 20]. It is so refreshing to hear a sane, reasoned commentary on the sport after reading so many thoughless editorials that left many a person involved in auto racing either directly or indirectly, in a state of frostbitten rage. To paraphrase Can-Am driver Mike Fouberg, if the public paid a little more attention to the sport and less to the sensational crashes, it would soon see that it commands more respect than being referred to as the area for "monster truck slaughter." —W.H. HAMILTON Toronto

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#### Leaders too opulent

Your coverage of the Versailles summit [A Shameful Cluster Stage, Cover, June 14] prompted me to recall the following letter to each of the seven heads of state attending the meeting: Most Honorable Sir, just a simple citizen's suggestion for the next Western international summit meeting: why not hold it at the way of a worldwide conference hall? Then all of our present leaders could stay safely at home and still get international TV coverage equal to or better than the tight security of an international meeting. And, maybe, millions of viewers, watching from the grim shadows of bankruptcy and unemployment, might be less cynical if they did not see these leaders bickering in egomaniacal splendor while discussing the economic fate of their citizens.

—HOWARD PATTON  
Cochrane, B.C.



## PASSAGES

**ARRESTED:** John Hinckley Jr., 27, by reason of insanity, on 18 charges of shooting President Ronald Reagan and three others. White House Press Secretary James Brady, Secret Service agent Timothy McCarthy and Washington politician Thomas DeLay. Hinckley has been sent for psychiatric evaluation to St. Elizabeth's mental institution in Washington, D.C., where he will be held in custody until he can prove that he is no longer a threat to society.

**RESCUED:** U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig in a soldier's move linked to a dispute over foreign policy. (See page 22.)

**ARRESTED:** Soviet dissidents Vladimir Gerasimov and Valery Sosulin, in Moscow, for suspected links with an underground trade union and for allegedly circulating anti-Soviet literature. Both men were taken to Butyrka prison in Moscow where they are being held indefinitely.

**RESCUED:** Guy Stadelman, 32, from the Parti Québécois to sit as an independent on the Quebec national assembly. The member for the Montreal-area riding of Sainte-Marie broke with the Lévesque government after it introduced a bill to cut public-sector salaries by nearly 18 per cent.

**PERIODICALS:** By Toronto businessman Ed Mirvish, 67, London's Old Vic theatre for \$1.25 million. Mirvish, Toronto's "Hamlet Ed," noted British composer Andrew Lloyd Webber (Asia Circuit Showman, Rental, \$6, by \$28,000). Negotiations are continuing, however, as an estranged British theatre community organizes to keep up Britain's most famous stages out of the hands of a "colonial."

**RELEASED:** British newspaper reporters Simon Whistler of *The Sunday Times* and Ian Nather and Tony Price of *The Observer*, held by Argentinean officials during their visit to the Falkland Islands earlier this month, were freed on June 25. Following the outbreak of the Falkland Islands crisis, the three men were to be freed on June 26, technically as host, but would be allowed to fly home with no further proceedings contemplated.

**DECEASED:** Sir Freddie Laker, 58, from his American-born third wife, the former Patricia Gates, 43, who cited his alleged adultery with an unnamed woman. Laker Airways, forced by its low price transatlantic fares, collapsed last February with debts amounting to more than \$400 million.

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### From satire to sobering truth

Allan Fotheringham's "The Lessons of Modern War" (Column, June 14) is the best thing he has ever written for *Musical Chairs*. His satirical satire will add luster to present the sobering, awful truth that modern war has become sheer madness.

—MURDOCH MCLEOD,  
Waterloo, Ont.

I thought I would never say congratulations to Allan Fotheringham. But he deserves them for his column "The Lessons of Modern War." In it he points out the inherent absurdity of our videotape nation of warlike teenagers who can learn a valuable lesson from the Falklands fight. The absurdity of fueling an overvalued and shortsighted pride.

—MICHAEL B. KORNBLUM,  
Kitchener, Ont.

### Romanticizing exploitation

In *Desolate Peru: Testing the Jungle Code* (June 11) you make a romantic hero out of a monster, Jim Cleveland. Nowhere do you give a hint to the reader that this outrageous exploitation of one of the last tropical wildernesses on earth is a crime against humanity.

—THERESA D'ADOUR,  
St. Andrews, N.B.

### Regain Canadian dignity

It was refreshing to read a column such as Rodrick McQueen's "Bring Uncle Sam in the Arkle" in the June 1 issue of *Musical Chairs*. We should encourage the Foreign Investment Review Agency and the National Energy Program to stick to their programs of regaining Canada's long-lost ownership of its vital resources and, consequently, its very identity and dignity.

—VERNA HERNONHITA,  
Kamloops, B.C.

### More to Canadian rock

I agree that the Canadian rock scene is strong and will continue to grow. However, I cannot go along with your labeling of Canadian music as "boor rock" in the article "Canadian Rock Rocks South" (Music, June 14). I am a "young jazz-influenced male" and as a rock fan and I see more in the music than just "beverage-noun fare." Furthermore, all Canadian rock is not styled at "little girls."

—DAVE CRAVEN,  
Vancouver

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Write to *Musical Chairs*, 1000 Mineral Quotes, KIA 1B6, or to the *Editor*, 330 Yonge Street, Suite 1000, Toronto, Ont. M5B 1A6.

### PODUM

# Taking the heat off insulation

By Dr. Michael T. Newhouse

As the federal government prepares to spend \$10 million of your tax dollars in a soon-delaysome foam insulation (FPI) "relief program" for the \$600,000 in "compensation" it can't help but feel that the heating of CTV is turning out to be one of the most easily exploited concerns. Blowers have been perpetuated on a modern and supposedly well-educated society. After more than a half-million homes in North America were insulated with FPI, it was found by the Canadian government and some U.S. state governments on the grounds that living in houses with FPI constituted a health hazard. Thus, when our own federal government not only approved but subsidized its use in 30,000 homes through the Canadian Home Insulation Program.

In spite of a careful search for affected patients, I and other chest physicians in the Toronto-Hamilton area have yet to find a single documented case of FPI-related illness. Furthermore, there is no scientifically sound evidence to support the contention that FPI is a significant health hazard in man. Not only do very few of us live in a formaldehyde-free environment but, the oxygen, nitrogen and carbon dioxide, formaldehyde and possibly benzene (even small amounts) in the insulation material that is around us, perhaps, employed during carpentry, handling agents, oil exhaust, food, cosmetics, some fabrics and in many other substances, and it "off-gas" readily from these materials. It is also found in high concentrations in tobacco smoke. For this reason it is likely that the formaldehyde concentrations in non-FPI-insulated houses and in those insulated with FPI was found to be similar in Canadian health department and University of Iowa studies. A New Jersey study even showed that many of the same symptoms were more prevalent in people living in houses without FPI. At the same time, the overall frequency of health complaints was slightly greater than in those living in houses without FPI.

In Massachusetts, prior to the November, 1978, ban, complaints occurred in only one-quarter of one per cent of 30,000 houses with FPI, while in an earlier group of 5,000 houses there were no complaints whatsoever. In the same area, insulation contractors who have installed cellulose or fibreglass insulation

but not FPI have reported hundreds of calls from their customers describing the "nuisance symptoms" after reading about the hazards of FPI in their local papers. Callers and they felt much better after being assured their homes did not contain FPI.

Last year the commissioner of public health for Massachusetts (the first state to ban FPI) was sued by a number of FPI manufacturers on the grounds that the decision to ban and remove the FPI from houses was not based on any scientific health effects. This past January, a landmark decision of that state's Superior Court, Judge John Moran ruled that the department of health had prepared the issues in the FPI controversy and that the ban was, in fact, "arbitrary and capricious" and "not based on scientific fact." It was revealed that many houses without FPI were found to have higher levels of formaldehyde

**Except for rare instances of minor irritation, foam insulation does not constitute a health hazard in man**

than FPI houses and that many other sources of formaldehyde were overlooked in the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission's (CPSC) overzealous attempts to ban foam insulation.

It appears that Health and Welfare Canada, with its December, 1983, FPI moratorium and subsequent final banning in March, 1985, proceeded in haste, without thoroughly investigating the matter either. The Massachusetts court ruled that it was incorrect to classify exposure to formaldehyde as an irritant or as toxic at any level of concentration. Consequently, the finding that formaldehyde is "hazardous" irrespective of any given level of exposure was likewise without a rational basis. It was all that harmful, then how can it be that in Europe, where it has been used for more than 20 years, health effects are far to those described in North America have not been a big problem, and its insulation is an insulation material continues.

In sum, the "nuisance symptoms and diseases" related to formaldehyde or FPI can be divided into relatively minor complaints such as fatigue, drowsiness, headache, nausea and irritation of the eyes, nose, throat, and major problems such as asthma, or cancer. At worst, the major complaints might be regarded as irritants, not likely caused by FPI, but there is no scientific evidence that formaldehyde in concentrations greater than those found in FPI report any significant adverse effects. In the case of asthma, a carefully study performed at the Mayo Clinic of 5000 asthmatic patients from 1970 houses was unable to demonstrate that the asthma could, in any way, be related to formaldehyde or FPI dust. And as for malignancy, five studies of formaldehyde-exposed workers from England, Denmark and the United States conducted between 1970 and the present failed to find a single case of upper respiratory tract cancer or any increased overall risk of cancer attributable to formaldehyde in concentrations of 30 to 50 times those found in FPI houses (although rats have been shown to develop nasal malignancy in old age if exposed to extremely high concentrations of formaldehyde for most of their lives).

How did we as a society get into this sorry mess and what can we do to avoid similar debacles in the future? I think that the problem has arisen because of an overwhelming compulsion between unscientific and sensational oriented press that reports a short detail, sensational material that is not true, any source factual or not, without making expert advice and scientific point, politicians looking for a "cause célèbre" and consumer protection or government advocacy associated with a temporary suspended critical scientific sense and a desire to err at all on the side of safety.

In the light of the accumulating evidence, the department of consumer affairs and health ministries in Canada and the United States should reassess the situation and try to silly the current mass hysteria by coming out with a clear statement that, except for rare instances of minor irritation, FPI does not constitute a health hazard in man. Until they do, people with FPI in their houses will continue unconsciously to fear for their health and, indeed, their lives, not to mention to face financial ruin because their houses aren't worth anything.

Dr. Newhouse is professor of medicine at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ont. He and his family live comfortably in an FPI house.

## Inside the Kremlin's corridors of power

*For 18 years, until 1980, diplomat-past Robert Ford observed the comings and goings in the Kremlin as Canada's ambassador to Moscow. Fluent in Russian and three other languages, he became one of Moscow's diplomatic corps. In that role, he dealt face-to-face with Nikita Khrushchev and Leonid Brezhnev and followed the activities of other party leaders. Retired and living in the south of France, Ford, 67, now a government foreign policy adviser, was recently in Ottawa, where he spoke with Maclean's Ottawa Bureau Chief Robert Lewis.*

**Maclean's:** Is there a struggle for power in Moscow?

**Ford:** A struggle for position, not a struggle for power. Certainly there are a lot of ambitious ones there, and the race is on to be next in line. There's no doubt that for about five years Brezhnev's been sitting. He seems to have some sort of ascendancy, but nobody knows for sure. He's had a speech deficit for a long time—one of the embarrassing problems is that he's never been able to articulate the Russian phrase for peaceful coexistence. He has remarkable powers of recuperation, but it can't be long before he has to resign or depart this earth.

**Maclean's:** What kind of personal dealings did you have with Brezhnev?

**Ford:** He was always very polite and direct with me. He's either as emotional person, particularly when he gets on the subject of war and tends to go off on some of his personal experiences. But he's tough, he's able and he exudes a feeling of power.

**Maclean's:** What do you fear are happening now?

**Ford:** If Brezhnev becomes incapacitated, that's one thing. It would be something like Leonid Brezhnev, in which case the internal structure control of the party was not possible really to operate. In that case, or even if Brezhnev dies, I would think that Konstantin Chernenko would be the likely immediate successor. He is probably the alter ego of Brezhnev. He thinks the way Brezhnev does about the world and Soviet society.

**Maclean's:** Even in light of the recent election of Yuri Andropov (former KGB chief) is the ruling structure?

**Ford:** Yes. I don't think Chernenko would last long. I think it has to be an

interim leadership, and then you move into the real succession. Andropov is the coming man. But he wouldn't necessarily move in right away.

**Maclean's:** Andropov avoided the KGB. What will that mean if he does emerge?

**Ford:** He's disengaged himself from the KGB now and he was not a KGB career man. He was imposed on the KGB by the Politburo. In that sense, he's not a routine KGB officer, but it might take a little while to launder his associations with the KGB. It's not the most popular organization.

**Maclean's:** Are the Soviet people concerned about spending on defense, as opposed to food?

**Ford:** Well, arguments don't go on in the streets that they are poor. People are more interested in the Council of Ministers. It has to be a recuperation, because there is already a very high percentage of the gross national product going to the military. It's not only a question of the amount of money, but the percentage of scientists and technologists that goes into the research and development side of the military. Of course, the expenditure on soldiers and women is much less, relatively, than it is in the West, because the salaries are ludicrously low. They live very frugally, so that if Western countries had the size of standing army that the Russians have, it would practically bankrupt them.

**Maclean's:** Does the average citizen know about the trade-off between defense and domestic spending?

**Ford:** They might not know the percentages—military are always highly distorted. The average person certainly knows that there is a lot of money spent on defense. They can see it. But they are proud of their armed forces, and I don't think there is any real problem with public opinion. They feel that they must never again be put in a position of weakness.

**Maclean's:** Are the perks enjoyed

by the elite six times?

**Ford:** There has been increasing grumbling about the perks, but there is no comparison to it. It always struck me as very odd that they organized these things so obviously, so that the average Russian could see the extent to which the people at the top had privileges and positions he didn't get. There is a much greater spread between the average worker and the manager than there is in Canada. Take a factory: there would be a spread of at least 300 per cent between what the worker and the factory manager get. In addition, the manager has not graduated, so the rate is the same for everybody. The manager of a factory or a big organization has a car and a driver, a special apartment, probably a cottage in the country, special rights to go to certain restaurants or guest houses, probably the possibility of traveling abroad, special shops where he can get imported things.

**Maclean's:** Is there interest over the kind of investment on the standard of living?

**Ford:** I think there is very little that they may be somewhat worried that they were unable to maintain the standard of living in the past few years. The events of Poland have precipitated that, and they are afraid of the spillover. But the security is the Soviet Union is so tight that it would be extremely difficult for a movement from the grassroots to come up.

**Maclean's:** What report did the 2,000-strong delegation of Canadian industry find down on the Soviets in 1979?

**Ford:** The Russians were terribly nervous. They had no idea what was going to happen. They had thought that they would get free access to all countries. They had heard stories since World War II from their wives. When they played the Canadian national anthem, all the Canadians stood up and sang it. Then they played the Soviet national anthem. The Soviets stood up all right, but they didn't sing it because there weren't any words—the words of their national anthem were all praise to Stalin and had been eliminated. This so embarrassed the Russians that they got to work and produced a new anthem. So we were responsible for the current Soviet national anthem. ☐



Ford: Moscow-watching

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# Settling in for hard times



By Ian Anderson

In Ottawa last week Alain MacIsaac took the shaking hands of a new budget for Manitoba that he hoped would help the country forget the tax cuts of last November's failed attempt at financial planning. For his part, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was preparing to welcome an unusual assembly of 16 provincial premiers to 24 Sussex Drive in an effort to create the appearance that the nation's leadership is finally pulling together. And so the politicians gathered, Canadians were basking in the knowledge of an awaiting a short list of economic measures.

The wealthier middle class is surviving the current recession as it survived the others. Instead of scrapping to get ahead, middle-income Canadians are seeking shelter in belt-up frontier versions of their standard of living. Spending has dropped sharply below 1981 levels, and savings—Canadian savings—have rebounded. In the first four months of 1982 Canadians bought saver accounts more than twice as often as they did during the same period last year. And they've spent just half as much as they borrowed a year ago on their patios. Garage sales have replaced donations of household goods and clothing to Goodwill and the Salvation Army, although many more Canadians are depending on non-profit social services. "Just take a walk through our waiting room and you'll get the message," says Coe Heintzel, regional director in Saskatoon for the provincial services department. "You'll be absolutely shocked at the passing people applying for social assistance. We

prescription less often. Instead of taking a pill every day for high blood pressure, they take it for a week."

In Winnipeg concerned senior citizens are approaching to property administrators Joyce Mignard as they rent suites among both those survivors in hopes that singles can live more cheaply than pairs.

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Hagan's laundromat in Calgary: a \$10,000 wash-labeller under glass

John Blaauw did not follow his competition in a recent dual-racing competition, so he says he had fewer complaints within an hour about the higher prices.

Even fashion is changing. "When the economy is bad, people don't care how they look," says Toronto hairdresser Tracy Roosman. "We always sit it out with the hair done," agrees P.E.I. pharmacist Carter. "Half-jokingly, 'When hair dye is hot, the economy is flat.' In the chain-and-corner fashion temples lining Toronto's Yonge Street, customers once had to stand in line to rent them a summer suit.

Once considered the ultimate source of worker protection, unions have seen membership plummet and organizing driven. Future Canadian membership in the powerful United Steelworkers of America

has dropped by 40,000 in four years. "You have to go back to the '50s to find anything like it today," recalls Bert Mann, 65, assistant to the national director of the Steelworkers. In the weeks before and after the July 1 long weekend, some 35,000 union workers will be laid off or go on an extended, unpaid vacation. The pressure on the union system is mounting. "Where there are layoffs, anyone who's laid off is going to use his seniority to keep on because who's more junior," says Mann. "That's one reason why we've had to lay off more and more people." In boom-and-bust Calgary, car-and-suburban luxury Surface no longer sees any new first-time buyers. "Now they're bringing in three cars and wanting to trade them all in on one," he says.

Executive houses are taking the same beating, and they have found that their mobility is intact. Job placement experts such as Calgary's Roger Beyer say they can make 40 calls for clients without getting an interview. The oil professionals, according to Beyer, are "almost fraying at the seams." Calgary oil engineer Eric Ring, 32, says he was assigned "not to expect to get a job in the next two or three months"—and that he "shouldn't get depressed." Things are so slow in Calgary, says Ring, "even when he was working last month, I had absolutely

nothing to do for a whole week. And when I had work, it was a secretary's work that I wouldn't normally do."

For the unemployed and disillusioned workers, such talk is令人担忧. Neil Stevenson, 27, sold his car in Calgary for enough cash to return home to New Brunswick. He hopes to get \$200 a month from the welfare office in Fredericton until his unemployment benefits begin. "I've never been so screwed up in my life," says the Grade 12 dropout. "There are so many people out of work that employers have multiple choices. If you apply for a job taking risks, no way—they have out-of-work assessments applying for those jobs."

Further down the economic ladder at the Old Brewery Museum in Montreal, Rev Bill McCarthy used to encourage young people to go for the right. "But we were surrounded with young people, and there's no career work," he says. "I have never seen so many young, damaged souls. We are just seeing right now."

A cold new reality is pervading the thoughts of such activists as Terrence Horley, executive director of the Canadian Council on Social Development. "The economic research and the recession are failing the New Right that, in turn, is training its guns on social policies and social programs as if they were the cause of recession," he says. At the very moment that record numbers of people are begging for assistance, the system is least able to accommodate them. Horley argues that community service programs start their lobbying now—but their arguments must change. "We used to argue, 'The banks will die if you can fund.' That argument won't work anymore."

No one expects the economic woes to continue with the new budget. The question is how long Canada must sit in the hard seat—and how long others will be in as much to rehire staff members when they have laid off. Businesses such as Toyota car dealer Graham Magee have "learned that we can do without all that stuff." Yet while middle Canada is bending, people at the bottom seem that they are close to breaking. Down and out in Halifax, John Brokle would like to contact some politicians. "Follow me around this city for a week. You do what I do, eat what I eat. In three days you'll have had enough." The Just Society may not be under attack so much as it is just slipping further and further out of reach.

With Michael Chapman in Phoenix, David Palmer in Fredericton, Kenneth Wells in Charlottetown, Randolph Cayer in John's Armagh, Jennifer Ufford in Toronto, Peter Corrige Gledhill in Winnipeg, Suzanne Bourne in Calgary and Molodec Gray in Vancouver

## Varying prescriptions

Last week MacLean's surveyed a number of economists for their prescriptions for long-term economic recovery in advance of Monday's budget. The responses presented a range of policy options that mirrored the debate going on in the kitchens and boardrooms of the country. There did emerge, however, a surprising new willingness by many economists to accept some form of intervention of both fiscal and price controls as perhaps the only means of boosting the economy out of its minus five.

Roger Keay, an economist with the brokerage house Midland Doherty Ltd., belongs to a school of experts that believes that inflation can only be plowed into the ground with high interest rates that keep the supply of money tight. "If you weigh 300 lb and you want to weigh 175, you've got to go on a severe diet," he argues. Keay and other monetarists express cautious support for the way that Canada and the United States have been imposing high interest rates. They claim to see a long-term victory against inflation.

But even the sterner monetarist concludes that the economy, for the time being at least, is in serious trouble. Yet they refuse to blame monetarists. They point instead to government "anti-welfie" strategies that frighten off investors—especially foreign ones. At the top of their list is the Pensions Investment Review Agency and the National Energy Program (NEP), both federal initiatives aimed at increasing Canadians' ownership of the economy. George Tarallo, trustee of Darcy McIlroy, for example, told a western audience last week that the NEP was "equivalent to Argentina's default but ill-conceived opposite to the Malvinas." The monetarists also finger budget government debt as an inflation-producing culprit, and they favor long-term and across-the-board ceilings. "Without fiscal restraint, monetarists conclude that the high-interest-rate approach may slow inflation eventually, they insist that the price is too high—and that the burden is being unfairly borne by the 1.8 million unemployed. At the same time,



Walter singles out civil servants as just window dressing

the blame for the current crisis solidly on high interest rates which inevitably produce monetarism's ugly stepdaughter, high unemployment. Some, such as Leo Frazee, Carleton University economist, argue that policymakers are deliberately keeping unemployment high in order to strip workers of their bargaining power. "It [high unemployment] is there to create fear in people," he says. "If they're afraid they're going to lose their jobs, they won't make demands." Pejorative roundels. While monetarists plead for more time for their medicine to take effect, other economists reply that they have already had ample time. "They've had as pure an experiment as you're ever going to get in the real world," says Allan Madelin, director of Ottawa's School of Public Administration.

In fact, after roughly 18 months of crippling high interest rates, the economy has been badly maimed, the inflation rate stands at 11.8 per cent. And while monetarists concede that the high-interest-rate approach may slow inflation eventually, they insist that the price is too high—and that the burden is being unfairly borne by the 1.8 million unemployed. At the same time,

Carleton University economist Pierre Fauteux argues that high interest rates are not even a particularly effective means of controlling inflation. "You have to create a very high rate of unemployment to get tangible results," he says.

The disillusionment with high interest rates has led to a new willingness among most economists to accept part, rather than total, price controls. For his part, believe that inflation can be curbed more effectively and less painfully through controls. For every one-per-cent drop in inflation caused by high interest rates, the result is 35 billion dollars worth of unemployment, he says. And the same one-per-cent reduction in inflation can be achieved through controls with considerably less unemployment—costing as little as \$100 million, Fauteux contends.

A growing number of economists now believe that the solution may be to drop the interest rates—which would ease unemployment—and impose controls to stave inflation. Paul Walker, former chairman of the B.C. Labour Standards Board, wants to see a tough income-control program that would limit increases in average of four per cent—for living costs than the 10 per cent imposed by the Anti-Inflation Board on Canada from 1975 to 1978. Walker argues that the program could control profit margins, which he sees as equally important, just as rigidly as wages, and would have the effect of distributing the cost of the strength of the Canadian dollar more fairly, instead of concentrating it on those in the highest薪金的工人。He believes single out civil servants alone for wage controls is part window dressing that has no impact on inflation. Madelin agrees. "Public sector wage controls are at best a waste of time, at worst a fraud."

Also in evidence, but less feasible, are the expansionists who urge the government to weed controls but reward large sums to job creation. "Wage and price controls generally end up becoming wage controls," argues McGill University economist Sidney Lerner. He cautions monetarist charges that wage spending is inflationary by arguing that high interest rates create more inflation—by increasing unemployment and welfare payments and reducing tax revenue.

John Belliveau, an economist at the University of British Columbia, has developed a computer model that suggests that the current inflation-fighting policies of the federal government will produce a significant turnaround in two to three years. Shifting economic fortunes are clearly producing impatience with that timetable.

—TERENCE HORLEY and

LINDA MACQUARIE in Toronto

## A world in turmoil

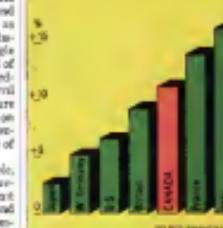
The phrase "global recession" punctuates the lesson of past decades and economies in the 1980s with the same clarity provided by a small antique wooden village door a decade ago. Faced with mounting public deficits, leaders closed the villages. The intention, hoping that the repetition alone will absolve them of responsibility in the eyes of their electorate, is largely to save face. And last week, as the dismal economic picture darkened in the majority of developed countries, it was strikingly clear that the effects of individual governments are limited by the international scope of the economic malaise.

For their part, Canadians reeled under an announcement from Statistics Canada that the economy is in the worst tailspin in 28 years. At the same time, New Zealanders were rolling from a

clouds of imports, particularly oil. Malden launched the country on a \$2-billion economic plan shortly after he was re-elected last November. That is intended to make the country self-sufficient in transport fuel by the year 2000.

Western European governments are also enduring massive consternation. Europe has attempted to stop its slide into an economic morass by imposing the strictest austerity measures since the 1960s. The results so far, however, have ranged from mixed to disappointing. In at least four European Community nations—France, Italy, Ireland and Greece—the annual inflation rate outstrips Canada's current rate of 11.8 per cent. Not only that, but the budget deficits as a proportion of national income in most EC countries make Ottawa's estimated \$3-billion-to-\$16-billion over-draft this year appear small. And the unemployment rates in Belgium, the

### Consumer prices April 1982, vs. year earlier

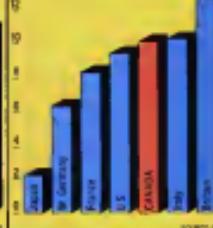


United Kingdom, Ireland and Italy exceed Canada's

Still, there are signs in Britain, at least, that tough monetarist policies are beginning to pay off. The inflation rate has been paraded into the single-digit range, and pay settlements are down. Last week, the rate of unemployment rose, down from 20 per cent in 1980. The rate, however, has been expansion more than contraction. Thus 11.8 (per cent) are unemployed and, in the view of many observers, the industrial landscape has been transformed into what some describe as Margaret Thatcher's desert.

Government spokesmen in London take the view that Britain stands poised for recovery. But there is no such optimism in

### Current Unemployment rate



United Kingdom, Ireland and Italy exceed Canada's

Born about West Germany's prospects there, a two-year period of economic stagnation continues and shows no signs of abating. On one count, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's Socialist-Fine Democratic coalition government has done well. Austerity measures, coupled with restraint by the unions in wage demands, have kept inflation at five per cent. But, the country is suffering from the highest jobless rate of per cent since 1964, and that level is expected to increase by the end of the year. Adding to the gloom, the Bundesbank (central bank) reported last week that export sales—which crossed the one-million mark in an even deeper slump last year—are “running out of steam.”

France, meanwhile, recently became a convert to the creed of fiscal restraint. It slapped on a price-and-income freeze and dramatically deviated the franc. The aim to揪 is an inflation rate of 14 per cent. Similarly, Belgium imposed wage-and-prize controls four months ago, but the results have been disastrous. Rather than declining, Belgian's inflation and unemployment rates shot up. Belli were in the sorry spectacle of Italy, which is basking the three-headed monster of high inflation, soaring unemployment, and a runaway deficit.

#### Schmidt no optimist



surprisingly high U.S. interest rates. Until Washington's rates came down, they lament, they cannot lower the cost of money because that would cause a flight of capital.

The Reagan administration claims that it has taken the necessary steps to bring interest rates down. Thus, money policies have reduced the inflation rate to an impressive six to seven per cent. But the problem is that interest rates would drop so much as a result that the U.S. economy would suffer. Increasingly, Belgian's cabinet suspects that the “erroneous” money policies of the Federal Reserve Board (which controls the money supply) are to blame. Last week the controversy came to a head as sources agreed that the administration planned to end the Fed's independence. They were denied by a Harry of White House statements, but it was conceded that the Treasury was undertaking a sweeping review of economic strategy, and the bank's role was included in it.

In the meantime, the markets could take heart from signs that the recovery may finally be under way. For example, retail sales, orders for durable goods and consumer spending have been increasing in recent weeks. For another, Congress finally passed the fiscal 1983 budget, which, by cutting social and defense programs and a tax hike on the rich, will reduce the deficit down to about \$14 billion. Apparently encouraged by the show of political realism, Wall Street rose from its sluggish depths and, at week's end, it seemed to be launched on a long-promised summer rally. While House Budget Director David Stockman, for one, was convinced that a turnaround had begun. “We are past the trough of recession,” he declared, adding that a consumer-led recovery should begin in the second half of the year. He warned, however, that if there is no reduction in interest rates, the upturn could be short-lived. If that is so, anxiety is once again spreading around the world.

Schmidt is fighting for his political life. In the result, the economic slowdown is as many of his counterparts from Amsterdam to Ottawa. And, increasingly, the besieged leaders are focusing their ire on per-

#### NEWFOUNDLAND

## The day the cod was thrown away

**A**s a dark fall over the codfish waters off Torbay, an outpost suburb 12 km north of St. John's, trap fisherman Ray Tapper and his four-man crew were exhausted. They had been working through the night—“the codfish is the codfish,” he says—when they heard a sharp crack. “It was like a gun shot,” says Tapper, who has been fishing in the same area since 1970. “I thought it was a seal or something.” Increasingly, Belgian's cabinet expects that the “erroneous” money policies of the Federal Reserve Board (which controls the money supply) are to blame. Last week the controversy came to a head as sources agreed that the administration planned to end the Fed's independence. They were denied by a Harry of White House statements, but it was conceded that the Treasury was undertaking a sweeping review of economic strategy, and the bank's role was included in it.

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#### BRITISH COLUMBIA

## No sex, please, we're Victorian

**F**or the past five years, X-rated videotapes have been readily available in British Columbia, but recently such explicit films as *Deep Throat* have become controversial. The province has become the first in several nations to ask whether use of Canada's most lenient guidelines on adult material has at last exceeded the bounds of common sense.

The videotapes are intended for viewing on private, or VCR sets. But that restriction does not go far enough for the Victoria City Council. It is about to pass a bylaw with a fine of \$10,000 for anyone convicted of selling or renting a film showing sexual intercourse or subjects such as nudism and incest.

The new bylaw would be considerably looser than the guidelines on pornography issued by the provincial government in 1977. The provincial attorney general, Gordon Gardiner,水准ed the rules in order to help judges apply community standards to the very definition of obscenity in the federal Criminal Code. The new guidelines banned—among other things—films showing sexual acts coupled with violence and sex scenes involving child actors or animals.

The tapes have been contraband until now to stores that also stocked soft-core and sex magazines. Because consumers had to be at least 18 years old, the system created little controversy—until recently. Now, videotapes, which fall within the guidelines set can also be obscene, as being peddled openly in the new stores of Red Hot Video, a franchise operation that is quickly expanding in the province. Victoria's bylaw would effectively put one Red Hot store out of business. At the same time, North Vancouver would ban the practice to ban the distribution of hard-core material. And Vancouver's council has voted that the films being sold within its municipal boundaries “This film has been around for years, and now Red Hot is being attacked for the sin of going public,” says Mark Dvor, a lawyer

who acts for the operation. Most of the hard-core films—including the ones allowed under B.C. guidelines—are made in the United States and, therefore, should never have been allowed to cross the border. Canadian Customs has a list of forbidden items which range from pornography to used radioactive materials, and explicit films also fall



Vancouver clerk selling tapes: the sin of going public?

under Ottawa's vague guidelines of immoral or indecent material, anything that “unlawfully exposes sex, mass, torture, cruelty or violence.” A smuggled film could be seized and, in some cases, charged by the mayor—but that is not happening in British Columbia.

For his part, Dvor believes any attempt to block the films in the border would have little or no effect. “The border is a sieve,” he says. “Apart from that, though, this is an area where the law is lagging behind technology. MPAs [movie rating boards] are not in the same place as the movie theaters. They do not know to. With thousands of readily available prints already in the country, copies can be cut off that are almost as good as the original.”

—MALCOLM GRAY in Vancouver

## A \$90-million make-good, long denied

**F**or seven years Billy Diamond has refused to surrender to cynicism. As Group Chief of the Cree Council, he had imagined the first—and only—modern land-clauses settlement with Quebec and Ottawa. But after extracting their aboriginal title and rights to 160,000 square miles of land east of James Bay, the Cree and Inuit found that they were quickly forgotten by the bureaucrats. Now the federal government is finally preparing to make amends. Mervin has learned that Ottawa plans to announce within the next few weeks that it will provide about \$60 million for health, housing, education and development for the region's 3,000 natives. Negotiations are continuing for some \$30 million in federal funds for air strips.

The Cree had been roundly criticized by almost every other native group for ceding their land claims for money—\$225 million over 21 years. For his part, Diamond argued that the band had no choice because the world's largest hydroelectric project was being built in its backyard. But a year ago Diamond was in despair. Major parts of the James Bay Agreement, he told Alberta Indians, "have gone the way of broken promises." Prepared health services, the Cree instead get a gas-tuberculosis epidemic and a hospital without enough funds to open. Peasant economic development, they could not even get reliable electricity supplies.

During the negotiating process, government responsibility for such native services as health was specified, but so details or implementation dates were vague. When Ottawa officials did begin to implement the agreement, provisions for "essential services" were interpreted as simply maintaining existing arrangements. But that had not been the intent of the negotiations. Extraordinary Cree grievances such as Diamond's, whose families still earned wages on their houses by basket.

After the gas-tuberculosis epidemic had killed eight Cree children in 1980, the natives began to dig into their settlement fund to build sanitary services in the villages that were hardest hit. But the money came from the same account designed to help make those economically self-sufficient. Said Inuit representative Mark Gordis: "It seems to be looked at as a bare minimum of



Chief Billy Diamond: Instead of health services an epidemic

According to a cabinet report prepared by the Indian and Northern Affairs department, the agreement was being "carried up to its nose," according to the review concluded that Ottawa had not made a specific effort to make the native work force fit into the "discretionary obligations" have often been met with little more than minimal compliance. If this approach continues, the native parties will have a moral, though not a legal, case for saying they were misled about the effects of the agreement." And unless that grievance was resolved, the report warned, it would be "difficult to establish the climate of trust and co-operation" with other native groups seeking land-clauses settlements.

—IAN ANDERSON in Ottawa

what you can get out of the government, and the bare minimum can't be implemented, then other groups are going to be interested in an agreement like ours."

The Cree and Inuit odyssey through the Ottawa labyrinth was remarkable for its opacity. Cree lobbyists found that the politicians believed that the agreement was entirely successful and were shocked to discover that the instructions for implementing it were the part-time responsibility of a single bureaucrat, Renate Beuliger. At the same time, interdepartmental co-operation was slight, despite the fact that responsibility for housing, health, sanitation, transportation and development ranged through half a dozen ministries

The first concern raised by the Cree over the agreement fell on deaf ears. Even after the gas-tuberculosis epidemic, which put one of Diamond's own children into a Montreal hospital, it took the Cree chief 30 months to arrange a 90-minute interview with Health Minister Marjorie Biggs, whose bureaucrats had argued that the agreement made health care a provincial responsibility. But the tide was turning for the natives. On March 30, 1982, in a rare non-partisan display, the Commons' Indian affairs committee unanimously endorsed the native claim that Canada had failed to live up to its obligations. Diamond's adviser Robert Epperson says that the involvement of the media in the case was instrumental in drawing the government's attention. In the light of the Cree "definitely had a more powerful effect than practical or humanitarian considerations," he added.

The ever silent partner in the James Bay deal is now a demanding presence. Quebec Social Affairs Minister Jean-Pierre Jolin has recognized the province's responsibility in funding education and health improvements, but, during a tour of Cree villages this spring, he said that the province simply did not have any money. Now, the Cree are setting Quebec for \$60 million. The cold war between Ottawa and Quebec City has caught the Cree and Inuit in the middle. Quebec will not make municipal payments to villages on lands it deems federally controlled—and that means all Cree villages. The same problem has halted joint construction of airstrips first promised in 1984.

Diamond, elected chief of the Report House band at 21, has spent his adult life learning the ways of government. That education has taught him to demand projects and make the best deal he can. The first Cree extracts that Ottawa and Quebec owe the nation \$1.95 million. His demands obligations. New Diamond is seeking for \$60 million, split roughly equally between the Cree and Inuit—and the uncertain assurance that Quebec will also act. "Looking at the economic times in Canada today, it's good to see you get what you asked for, at least partially," he philosophized last week. As the Cree learned, it is just a matter of banging on Ottawa's door for sailing and as hard as necessary.

—IAN ANDERSON in Ottawa



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# After the onslaught, a new hope for peace

By Jane O'Hearn

**T**he cacophony of thundering bombs and shells rattled through the battered streets of West Beirut. Fires raged throughout the Modian section of the capital, and at least one-third of Israel's armed might—1,000 tanks and 1,200 armored personnel carriers—massed on the southern outskirts of the city, poised for a final assault on the 30-square-mile Palestinian stronghold. Masking tape in familiar crosshairs patterns began appearing on the windows of shops, hotels and houses as residents started themselves for a long-dreaded event: the transformation of their city into a bloody battleground. Then, shortly after dark, the guns suddenly fell silent; an eerie calm spread over Beirut as word spread that U.S. naval envoy Philip Habib had announced that a "ceasefire and lasting" truce had been reached.

Friday's unexpected ceasefire, which was patched together by Washington, possibly at the insistence of Saudi Arabia, escaped a week of caustic in-U.S. foreign policy. The ceasefire was achieved only two hours before another equally unbridled development—the resignation of U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig (page 28)—and there were rumors that Saudi threats to withdraw had forced both events.

The end of the fighting came during a week in which Red Cross officials in Lebanon raised the death toll from the Israeli invasion to 14,000, with 30,000 wounded. Lebanese political casualties also mounted as Prime Minister Shafiq al-Wazan and two of his ministers resigned. Said al-Wazan, "I cannot work under this massive military pressure since this blockade." The virtual collapse of the nation's leadership was not the only price paid for the war. The chances of creating a long-term negotiated settlement were abruptly shattered when Moslem leftist leader Walid Jumblatt resigned from the newly formed Coop for National Salvation. By the end of the week, as Lebanon began the long process of digging out its dead from the rubble, one question more than any other preoccupied the country: would the peace last?

But any possible solution to theentials seemed even further away as both the PLO and the Israelis added strength to the roar of artillery. Said Israeli Defense Minister Ami Shazar, who is considered the architect of the Israeli initiative: "We never gave any guarantees

Syria's strategic control and ensuring that the country would no longer serve as a base for attacks on the Jewish state. Throughout the week Israeli aircraft and patrols increased the shelling on the fringes of West Beirut to what many feared was a "softening-up" operation before a full-scale assault.

Wheeling low over the city, Israeli aircraft bombarded buildings in the once fashionable district, living on shopping areas and Palestinian refugee camps. Ame Hospital, located on the fringes of the city, suffered 13 direct hits in a day. An apartment complex favored by visiting diplomats was shelled, although there were no casualties because most tenants had fled abroad. Two U.S. Navy transports and a British container ship that ferred more than 1,000 refugees to Cyprus. As bombing continued on the outskirts, residents fled into the refineries of the inner city, depleting already saturated water and electricity supplies. In West Beirut they were met by Palestinian guerrillas who had taken their own precautions by piling up mounds of red earth and live hand grenades along city streets to cut off major roads through the city.

Bei Beirut was only one of the battlefields. Over the mountains, to the east, Israeli and Syrian fighters duelled in aerial dogfights for control of the Beirut-to-Damascus highway. On the ground Israeli tanks advanced along the road as fierce rocket, mortar and artillery fire rained down from Syrian positions.

The harrisseh of bombs and shells was calculated to force a split between the estimated 8,000 PLO guerrillas and their leftist Lebanese allies trapped in West Beirut. But it was also a perfectly logical sign to the heatedly isolated Lebanese Council for National Salvation that quickly in demand. The council, an umbrella group on Beirut, the overall, composed of senior leaders of Lebanon's wartime military and religious factions, met earlier in the week with Habib to try to patch together a negotiated compromise suitable to both the PLO and the Israelis.

But any possible solution to theentials seemed even further away as both the PLO and the Israelis added strength to the roar of artillery. Said Israeli Defense Minister Ami Shazar, who is considered the architect of the Israeli initia-



that we would not destroy terrorism anywhere on earth. And Beirut is still the centre of world terrorism." For his part, PLO leader Yasir Arafat promised: "We are here and we will be here in the future. No one will accept to lay down his arms. Be sure of it."

While Arafat's men fought on with their backs to the wall in Beirut, Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin came under fire by his American allies in Washington. During a two-day visit Begin got a public measure of support from President Ronald Reagan as the Israeli military adventure. But in a private 30-minute session the president also warned him that the United States expected Israel to support Hashish's peace efforts to produce a political solution to the conflict. After the talk, both were characterized as "diseased, ever-blitz." Begin moved on to Capitol Hill where he received a second hostile reception. Said the Democrat's Paul Tsongas, one of 36 senators who joined Begin at a foreign relations committee meeting: "It's far to say that is my eighth year in Washington. I've never seen such an angry session with a foreign head of state."

The reasons for the disengagement were clear: for one thing, Israel plainly won beyond its original military goals and in



A pic with Reagan in Washington (left) witnesses Arafat disappear amidst fighting near Beirut—a ceasefire that may, finally, hold

the process almost inevitably ruined the administration. For another, with its 80-km. thrust to Beirut, the number of casualties—although disputed widely by both sides—was tragically high.

At the same time, while many Americans acknowledged the political opportunities that were created by the invasion—chiefly for re-establishment of an independent Lebanese state—there was from about its impact on U.S. relations with Egypt, Saudi Arabia and other conservative Arab regimes. A devout Begin gave Reagan assurances that Israel would not occupy Beirut, but that was not sufficient to silence the chorus of criticism at Capital Hill.

As Begin returned to brief his cabinet on the American reaction and discuss future military moves, Israeli public agencies had also begun to face peace with the longer campaign since the 1948 War of Independence, an increasing number of Israelis was questioning its justifications. And when the Israeli death count reached 425 after three weeks of fighting, pressure on Begin's right-wing government not to demand tanks into West Beirut mounted. Members of the Labor opposition had led the peace campaign. They were joined by

the smaller left and centre parties outside the ruling coalition.

Said Labor leader Shimon Peres, who was in favor of a ceasefire: "We are totally opposed to an Israeli occupation of Beirut. It was never intended to use the army for political purposes or for those not purely concerned with security. In the past we have never entered an Arab capital. Not because we lacked power, but because we had a certain human wisdom."

Peres' criticism brought angry outbursts from Begin's supporters. At a call for a massive rally of soldiers, Druze party headquarters switched to protest. In a Jerusalem shopping center, angry right-wingers overturned a table where people were signing peace petitions.

While domestic pressure began to pinch the Israeli complacency, international opposition was also growing. French President François Mitterrand called for an emergency session of the United Nations Security Council to discuss the Lebanese crisis. France proposed an immediate 96-km. Israeli withdrawal and a Palestinian pullback from West Beirut, combined with a UN Lebanese peacekeeping force.

The resolution was vetoed by the United States. But the ceasefire in Beirut held, although Israeli planes were soon again scrambled to knock out Syrian SAM-7 missiles in the Bekaa Valley. The basis for peace in the Lebanese capital was reported to be similar to Mitterrand's proposal: a cessation of fighting and a token Israeli withdrawal in exchange for an end to the PLO military presence in Lebanon.

The sudden lifting of the Israeli siege cast the PLO's bleak position. Barring an unexpected deterioration in the situation, Arafat's supporters appear to have avoided a final humiliation in Israel's hands. They may also be able to continue their political fight for a Palestinian homeland. In the long term, the PLO might re-establish its military organization as well, using bases in friendly countries such as Syria, Libya, Kuwait, Saudi Yemen and even Cyprus. A Middle East expression perhaps best summarizes the PLO's strength: you may not be able to make peace with them, but you cannot make peace without them.

With William Lederer and Michael Parsons in Washington, Ron Silver in Jerusalem and Roger Wright in Beirut



Secretary of State-designate Shultz with Haig (left), dependent Haig policies were maintained without his being consulted

UNITED STATES

## The general gives up the fight

In 15 minutes, the White House announced on an otherwise lousy Friday afternoon, the president would make a statement in the pressroom. On cue, at 3 p.m., he rose a little stiffly. Howard Shultz declared that "with great regret," he had accepted the resignation of Secretary of State Alexander Haig and had nominated George Shultz, treasury and labor secretary under Richard Nixon. He entered his office. 90 minutes later, the always controversial Haig read his resignation letter to state department employees. "In recent months," he said, "it has become clear to me that the foreign policy on which we embarked together was drifting from that careful course which we laid out."

With that terse explanation the 57-year-old four-star general and former NATO commander last week ended his tempestuous, 38-month tenure as the star of Reagan administration diplomacy. In his turbulent wake he left a stunned world to pursue a rare dedicated nationalism. For his sake, to measure how far Haig had been pushed before he jumped out.

If Haig's account of his policy differences was purposely oblique, private theories about the impetus of his move abounded. Though widely regarded as a political hard-case, Haig was in fact

more moderate than most of his cabinet colleagues. "He spoke like a hawk," said Clarence Peet, ranking Democrat on the Senate foreign relations committee, "but surprisingly he had the instincts of a dove." Indeed, Haig's dovesque tendencies frequently made him a target of conservative ire.

Reversing the National Council (NCC) approved—over Haig's objection—extension of a presidential order banning U.S. subsidies in Europe and foreign firms operating under American license from selling equipment to build the mammoth, multi-billion-dollar natural gas pipelines from the Soviet Union to Western Europe. Haig had argued fervently that, with the Europeans already committed to the project, the presidential ban would only delay—not prevent—in complete straining U.S. ties with Europe to the bargain. Most other cabinet officers diagnosed Europe should not be allowed to become energy-dependent on the Soviets, yet we help finance Moscow's military ambitions with Western currency. Significantly, the NCC decision was taken while the secretary of state was out of town.

Within the Reagan inner sanctum, Haig was also known as the chief defender of Israel. In recent weeks he had fought—successfully, it appeared—

against any steps that would punish Jordanians for its actions in Lebanon or otherwise signal a weakening of U.S. support for Israeli goals.

He was reportedly enraged by—and told Peet he did not believe—such clandestine communications between William Clark's national security assistant and the Saudi Izaadco as Haig sympathizers described it. The signals leaked by the NCC to the Saudis contradicted the guidance Haig was himself giving to presidential envoy Philip Habib in Lebanon. As a result, in Beirut, Jerusalem, and Riyadh there was consternation about what Washington wanted from a ceasefire agreement and how far it would press Israel to accept one.

Specifically, Haig contended that encouraging the Saudis to think that the United States would put pressure on Israel to stage a partial withdrawal of forces before the PLO had down its arms and evacuated Beirut would only stiffen Syrian and Palestinian resistance.

For its part, the White House noted that foreign policy was, after all, the president's prerogative, that he was free to direct his advisors to consult on his behalf, and that, in any case, Haig had spent his capital—having assured Reagan once or often that Israeli forces would advance no further

Diplomatic and Palestinian sources in Beirut gave a different version of events. Early in the week the Lebanese Council for National Salvation reached a consensus behind a plan suggested by PLO leader Yasir Arafat for a halt to the fighting. Under the arrangement, sources in Beirut told MacLean's, the PLO would maintain military presence in Lebanon in exchange for a corridor and token Israeli withdrawal.

A midweek meeting was scheduled to hear the Israeli reaction, and Saad Pasaygu Minister Saad al-Faraj personally telephoned Arafat to say the deal was acceptable. Sources said Clark had received a call from the National Security Council in Washington saying that the Israeli deal would accept. At that point, apparently, the scheme began to unravel. When the meeting started, Haig, who reports to State, merely tabled further questions to be referred to the CIA. And while questions and answers shuttled back and forth, the Israeli bombardment grew in ferocity.

Each day Saudi Arabian King Fahd, on the theme for only a week, telephoned Arafat to assure him that a deal could be made. But eventually the Saudi patience snapped, and Washington was given an ultimatum: unless it organized a speedy end to the fighting, Haig would pull all its funds and investments out of the United States, stop oil sales and open diplomatic relations with Moscow.

The Saudis apparently stemmed from mixed signals from the two separate branches of the administration. One from the NCC to the Saudis, the other from Haig to Habib. Since the two departments have separate channels of communication and, reportedly, rarely exchange cables—such was unaware of what the other was doing.

It was impossible to confirm the sequence of events from either State or the NCC on the weekend. But Israeli officials in Washington said that they were aware of such a chain of events. They added that they believed that the Saudi threat had been successful in helping to bring about a ceasefire—and had been instrumental in causing Haig's resignation.

But the fact with Clark—Haig's Incumbent deputy at State—was why the incident in a series of simultaneous encounters the secretary had had over the weekend hours of the House vote. Even before the dramatic photographs were printed, Haig drafted memo authorizing his successor in foreign policy and succeeded it for Haig's signature.

The White House demurred, and kept close tabs on Haig afterwards. After the president was shot early last year, Haig announced his resignation by taking the vacation...while revealing, visibly—that he was "located at the White House." Reagan's inner circle quickly named

Bush to head an emergency management team. Later, the president replaced National Security Adviser Richard Allen, another Clark namesake, with Clark's long-time member of the Reagan California political circle. At first Haig was pleased by the appointment, thinking an own relationship with Clark would guarantee him a seat on Oval Office. But it did not work out that way. Clark's influence was overruled, and Haig was reduced to an unengaged waiter, competing with the Pentagon, CIA and other bureaucracies for time, attention and influence. In fact, before tendering his resignation, Haig reportedly purchased space from several old friends, including Richard Nixon, whom he served as chief of staff at the height of the Watergate crisis. Across in everything, Nixon is

and shares some of Haig's opinions. But, at 61, he is quintessentially a lame-duck, more bold than ballyhoo. As president of Tectal Inc., a multination construction firm, Shultz has particularly close business ties with Saudi Arabia and, indeed, Saudi and year for the sale of arms surveillance assets. His wife, Anne, is a former foreign policy expert; her Saudi oil contacts are more powerful. She still holds foreign policy interests, and Haig was reduced to an unengaged waiter, competing with the Pentagon, CIA and other bureaucracies for time, attention and influence. In fact, before tendering his resignation, Haig reportedly purchased space from several old friends, including Richard Nixon, whom he served as chief of staff at the height of the Watergate crisis. Across in everything, Nixon is

In Europe Shultz will be more than acceptable. Like Haig, he has confronted the wisdom of trade sanctions



Shultz with wife, Helene, and Clark en route to Wash/Neptun. White House surveillance forces used to have told him, if Haig did not have it and could not win it, he should quit.

Haig had reached the end. He had quarreled over East-West relations with Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, over U.S. interests in Latin America with the Ambassador Juan Kirkpatrick, over Japanese auto imports with Commerce representative William Brock, and over tax rates to Moscow with Agriculture Secretary John Block. Haig was more bullish than he was, but the struggles were wearying, politically costly, and the tide was increasingly against him.

From Washington's point of view, Shultz has many of Haig's strengths

against the Kremlin. He has also recognized that Europe's needs are not always a replica of Washington's. An as devoutly pro-business crowd, Shultz may be more popular in Canada—particularly with respect to his energy and investment policies.

Whatever the consequences, the fall of Alexander Haig clearly marks a decisive turning point in the history of the Reagan presidency. The conduct of foreign policy in the future may be better or worse, harder or softer. It will never be the same.

MICHAEL POWELL, 46, Wilson Lourier in Washington and Robert Wright in Beirut.

## A reluctant coalition

**A**fter 18 months of intermittent and often turbulent negotiations, three of Southeast Asia's most reclusive parties last week finally agreed to form a coalition government-in-exile for war-torn Kampuchea. The shaky alliance, the latest attempt to oppose the Vietnamese conquests of Kampuchea, brings together three men who in the 1970s ruthlessly battled one another for control of the once peaceful nation of six million: former head of state Prince Norodom Sihanouk, his enigmatic premier Son Sane, and Khoua Sampaon, titular head of the conservative Khmer Rouge.

They have been encouraged to take the first tentative step toward achieving their only common goal—eradicating the Vietnamese—from the United States and the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN), who also want to curb Vietnamese influence in the region. But the agreement, muddled clearly as proposals put forward by ASEAN's diverse member states, appears to be nothing more than a hope that on reality. There will, however, be some measure of responsibility on the government-in-exile. Prince Sihanouk will assume the function he lost—ironically, for not opposing strongly enough the Vietnamese invasion into Kampuchea during the Vietnam war—of head of state. Khoua Sampaon will assume the vice-presidency and take charge of foreign affairs. Son Sane will be prime minister.

*Indonesia, Thailand, Philippines, Singapore and Thailand.*



See Seite: curbing Vietnamese influence

Advocates will be to try to recover Kampuchea from the Vietnamese. But it is clear that little thought has been given to a military effort to dislodge the 60,000 garrison of Hanoi troops in Phnom Penh, which is backed by an estimated 150,000 Vietnamese soldiers. Asked about their imminent military effort, the coalition leaders would only talk but went about how large an army such help is to achieve. Son Sane wants 30,000 men and claims that he currently has 9,000. ASEAN experts put the figure as low as 4,000. Sihanouk has no troops at all, but he would like to field an army of 20,000. Neither man can hope for direct ASEAN support, though there is a remote possibility that the ASEAN nations and the United States might provide hard cash for them to buy their own arms. There are also hopes that the Chinese, vigorous opponents of the Vietnamese presence in Kampuchea, may offer a trickle of supplies. But the main Chinese effort seems likely to continue to be directed toward the Khmer Rouge forces, which now total between 30,000 and 50,000 men.

Elsewhere, the factions will effectively continue to pursue their own agendas. Each country will be run by representatives from its own side. At the same time, each coalition partner will keep its separate identity and direct all outside aid to its own purposes. But the Khmer Rouge, which governed Kampuchea briefly until the Vietnamese invasion in 1975, has insisted as a clause guaranteeing that if the coalition breaks down it will once again be recognized as the "sole and legitimate" government.

The first task of the ill-matched tri-

partite will be to recruit the armies of their dreams. The Khmer Rouge, the leading force in the coalition, has been forced to accept defeat as the Vietnamese is the only force capable of expelling them. They recently ousted Son Sane from his village headquarters made Kampuchea, and Hanoi officials boast that if ASEAN continues to promote Son Sane they will attack him again. In fact, Phnom Penh residents report that fresh Vietnamese troops are flooding north through the capital, fueling speculation that Hanoi's response to the new coalition will be swift and sharp.

—PAUL QUINN-JEFFERSON in Bangkok

## ARGENTINA

### The army's tenuous hold

**T**he Argentine army moved quickly last week to head off civil disorders and safeguard its pre-eminent position in the country's political life in the wake of the Falklands debacle. The army earlier triggered the resignation of President Reynaldo Bignone as the government's only by forming the appointment of its own candidate to the presidency. But then it made a major concession to its opponents. The new president-designate said that he will permit an early resumption of general political activity.

The men who will preside over the transition to civil rule—elections are not expected until March, 1984—are yet to be named. Reynaldo Bignone, 55, initially, Bignone seemed an ideal choice for a military junta nervous for

its political heavy-handedness. A quiet, gentle soul, he is a career soldier who seemed to fit just right when overthrowing the inept populist who had alienated the middle class in 1973. He was a career general without programs, and he also served as an unofficial liaison between the junta and outlawed political parties. It was that experience that apparently convinced the army to appoint its own candidate and postpone its opponents at the same time.

Bignone's announcement that he would lift a six-year ban on political activity after his July 1 inauguration followed a four-hour meeting with representatives of the country's 12 political parties. But, although he and the army acted quickly, there were doubts that the gesture would produce wide public

support for the regime. Radical union leader Carlos Cecilia, for one, immediately questioned the army's ability to govern. "The military party is disintegrating," Cecilia declared. "We have to speed things up because we don't know if they'll make it to 1984."

The view from the outside world vary. The forces from the United States and France, leading the anti-military coalition, are far from sanguine about the future of the junta. They believe that the junta's free enterprise form of socialism is a disaster.

The split in the armed forces led some Argentines to fear a three-way power struggle. But diplomatic observers discounted the prospect of civil war. Although the generals still talk of continuing the struggle for the Falklands, the public is in no mood for further fighting. As a result, the junta's future battles will likely be confined to the Casa Rosada, the presidential palace.

—JAMES MURCHIE in Buenos Aires

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# A PRINCE IS BORN

By Carol Kennedy

**T**he first flash came on the early morning radio news, displacing the latest crisis reports from Argentina and Lebanon. The Princess of Wales had been admitted to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, between 5 and 6 a.m. on July 21, at the first stages of labor. The news was like a warning to Britain's oldest researchery was on the way ahead of us, and, as if drawn by an irresistible force, the crowds began to gather. They came to Buckingham Palace, pressing hopefully against the tall railings, prepared to wait for hours to see the traditional series of birth posted there. They also came, hundreds of them, to a seedy back street in West London, the unlikely setting imaginable for the fruition of a royal wedding whose glamour and romance had rotted half the world just 20 days before.

South West Road, bordered on one side by industrial warehouses and a grimy canal, while east of the main assessments from Paddington railway terminus, does not fit the stereotype of a birthplace for a future sovereign. But it houses the private wing—with numerous maternity facilities—of venerable St. Mary's Hospital, where, in 1858, young Alexander Pugin drew on his mother's womb growing as a tumor on his womb itself. And since Princess Anne gave birth to her son, Peter, there in 1973, the maternity ward in St. Mary's Linda Wing (named for a 1980s industrialist who financed it) has been the scene of ardent maternal期待和等待.

It was, according to the calendar, the longest day of the year, and for Diana and Charles that was certainly the case. The princess, who had expected the baby to arrive on her 25th birthday, July 1, was to endure 16 hours of labor (a her pink-walled, 4-meter-square room before the arrival of a fair-haired son. His weight: seven pounds, 3½ oz.

Prince Charles watched the birth, the first royal father in recent history to do so. (Prince Philip was playing squash with an ex-wife to ease his nerves when Charles was born.) Later, Charles confessed that he found the experience "rather a gross-sounding . . . rather a shock to my system."

The baby could finally make his entry into the world at 4:50 p.m., coincidentally about the same time as his father on a bleak November night nearly 36 years



A new Royal family: superb timing

ago. Encircled by the waiting crowds, many wearing Union Jack hats left over from the royal wedding, they cheered every arriving bouquet, sang patriotic songs and feasted on strawberries and cream sold by street vendors. A long day of rain failed to dampen their spirits, and these happy souls boiled over as a strip of condensed, boldly lettered H.R.H. was waded through the hospital walls.

A few kilometers away, a court official and a police sergeant finally fastened the traditional ribbon to the Buckingham Palace entrance. "Nancy," said one of the two women in an hired car, "we're the first to arrive at the hotel, we're the first to arrive at the hospital." "The Princess of Wales was safely delivered at 4:50 p.m. today. Her Royal Highness and her child are both doing well." It was signed by Dr. John Battie, head of the Queen's medical household; anesthetist Dr. Clive Roberts, pediatrician Dr. David Harvey, and the urbane George Prater, orthopedic surgeon to the Queen, who saw the baby into the world.

The infant prince, who will be styled "Prince (Christian name) of Wales," will all likelihood become Britain's third monarch since the Normans Conquest and 860 in a line going back to Egbert, first King of Wessex and all England, who ruled from AD 897 to 908. He is the first child born to a Prince and Princess of Wales since 1808. That baby, son of the late George V, was named Prince John but did not survive his birth.

Strikes, who will not say anything, immediately began making out on the behalf of the royal baby. He will be the first child, however, bearing the name Bookend William. Bill gave over on George, followed by James at 7 to 2, Charles at 8 to 2, Edward at 5 to 1, Philip at 3 to 2 and Leon (in honor of the late Lord Mountbatten, Prince Charles's much-loved great-uncle) at 12 to 1. These odds shortened to 8 to 1 during the week.

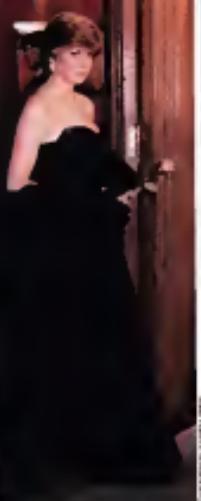
Here at the sunnier solstice, with both moon and sun in the zodiac sign of Cancer, the new prince predictably had plenty going for him in the astrological stakes. The *Daily Mail's* resident astrologer predicted that he would be "more of a Monarch than a Windsor." The royal may appeal strongly to him, and events around his sixth birthday would "profoundly affect his future."

Meanwhile, in the narrow street outside the hospital's door 1858's facade, they began pelting the Prince Charles Souvenir stand a footlong string of dried roses cross-tied with a band of blue and gold and red ribbons. It was the "Mico and Charles, give us another!" When Prince Charles emerged, tired but beaming, just after 11 p.m., his response to a question about future family plans was in keeping with the foot-



Happy Londoners take to the streets (above); Diana touring Wales: "It's a boy!"





## COVER

ball-fan mused. "Bloody hell, give us a chance," he pledged laughingly. It was a royal moment like no other in the long history of the British throne. For a while barriers between monarchy and subjects were swept aside as the prince revelled in the congratulations like any new father, shyly thanking his tie and reassuring his relief that it was all over. To someone who asked if the baby looked like him, he joked, "It has the good fortune not to." What about names, everyone wanted to know immediately. Charles would not be drawn. Then, warning scones, he appealed for quiet after he had gone. "Some sleep is badly needed." When he drove off, the crowd obediently trudged away.

Earlier, Charles had phoned the Queen at Buckingham Palace. She was "absolutely delighted" and ordered champagne for the palace staff. Other members of the Royal Family, widely dispersed, heard on different occasions. Princess Margaret was given a standing ovation at the matinee Song and Dance at London's Palace Theatre, where ballet star Wayne Sleep broke the news after the show.

Prince Andrew heard of his displacement by a new nephew via a radio link to his favorite in the Falklands. The Queen Mother, on a tour of industrial Teesside, was



asked how she felt about her latest great-grandchild. "It is always nice to have a new one," she beamed.

But Princess Anne, in New Mexico, reacted in characteristically crap fashion. Asked "Any word about Diana?" she retorted, "I don't know, you tell me." A US reporter told her, "Oh, good," and Anne, walking briskly on. When the exchange was shown on British TV, sources of state showers pleaded to complain about her rudeness, prompting the palace to explain that she was simply being "rashious"—an earlier rumor of the birth having proved premature. But later reports had Anne telling US reporters, "That's my business" and "Keep your questions to yourself" as they sought her views on her nephew's arrival.

Speaker George Thomas leant the news to the House of Commons, adding soft chimes. "We rejoice with the royal couple." Without missing a beat, Britain's Always screened a special commentary package after the broadcast announcement, showing an airliner tracing the word "congratulations" in the sky. In Scotland, by an accident of network scheduling, it went out just before the birth was announced.

Princess Diana's father, Earl Spencer, announced via a radio link to sister Jane in the Falklands. The Queen Mother, on a tour of industrial Teesside, was

Diana of the Royal Opera Party; honeymooning or honeymooning rumours

Then he dived for his car with the sky admiring that he was off "to have a beer." Britons throughout the land celebrated in like fashion. Tisbury, the village nearest the royal couple's Corfe castle home, Highgrove House, broke out flags and bunting and popped champagneorks. At the 18th-century church in Sandringham, the Queen's Norfolk retreat, bell ringers staved off all day to herald the news. And so on in parts—and in the Falklands—the Royal Navy celebrated with its traditional tot of rum. The toast was "To the Prince of Wales, God bless him."

London is a busier and more pressurized city than in the year of Charles's birth. But some pageantry was managed despite a strike that paralysed most of the city's vast subway system and tied up the capital's roads. Ignoring the traffic jams, the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, clattered its salutes way from its North London barracks to Hyde Park to fire off the 45-gun salute traditional to royal births.

By the morning after the birth, as bells pealed from Westminster Abbey, 2,000 gifts and 700 messages had already poured into Buckingham Palace. The only "there" in the royal banquet, as The Guardsmen put it, was a hushed remark by veteran armchairocrat Sir



Meeting with the public (above right); on the polo field. "It makes us love."

Willie Haughey, who said shortly in the Commons that the boy's future would be "one long story of messes, difficulties, and Lord-of-Hope-and-Glory rubbish for many years." There was a precedent, in 1884, some rhapsodies on the birth of the future Edward VIII, the socialist plowman Keir Hardie growled that he owed no allegiance to any hereditary ruler.

The Queen had wanted Diana to have her child—as she had done—in Buckingham Palace. But she was diplomatically overruled by Parker. There was another break with royal tradition, when a surprised nation learned that Diana had left the hospital just 22 hours after the birth. "It is the traditional thing to do," explained Press Secretary Michael Shea. But perhaps the princess also wished to avoid the embarrassment of crossing union picket lines the following day as health-service workers, including nurses, staged a one-day strike against government pay policy.

On the day of departure, Prince Charles was seen smiling in good form. The lady who "looks very borrrred now," he told the crowds after an early visit. The Queen joined him at the bedside for 50 minutes and it caused our hearts to throb. But by week's end Prince Philip, travelling around the country on



# "Gulf Canada is bringing new life to this old oil field."

Dzintra Ziemelis  
Manager - Enhanced Recovery, Gulf Canada Resources Inc

When we first drilled in Fenn-Big Valley, tremendous underground pressures "squirted" the petroleum to the surface. This is how it happens in most oil wells. When the pressure dies down, we use pumps to draw up further oil that drains from the porous rock to the well. But still, in some rock formations, as much as 70% of the oil remains just sitting there, thousands of feet down. Millions of barrels.

Gulf Canada's team of scientists and engineers, using the latest technology, have designed a program which they believe can "wash out" additional oil - as much as a third again as the field produced in the first place. Gulf will risk millions of dollars to put this plan into action on the say-so of their experts. The pay-off can mean Canada is one step closer to security of oil supply.

When the movie hero strikes a "gusher", black oil blows sky-high. It is hard to resist the idea that there is a cavity under the earth holding a pool of oil that spews upward when the drill punctures the ceiling of the cave.

The fact is, the crude oil exists within rock formations that often look about as solid as a concrete sidewalk. The oil saturates the porous rock the way coffee saturates a dunked donut. Tremendous pressures, caused largely by subsurface water and gases, push some of that crude oil through the permeable rock and up the well, often with dramatic force.

After the pressure fades - anywhere from a month to



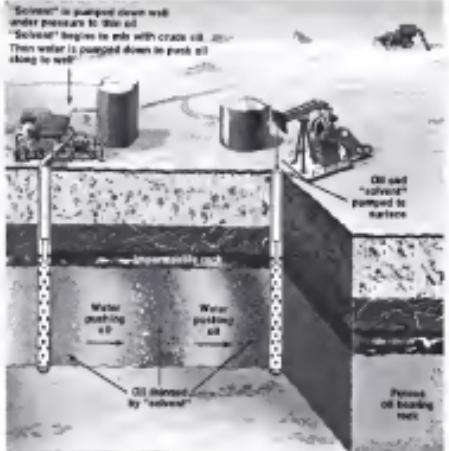
Dzintra Ziemelis graduated from the University of Alberta in 1970 with a B.Sc. degree in Engineering. She has been involved with the Fenn-Big Valley enhanced recovery project from the start, and currently is Manager - Enhanced Recovery. Her favorite pastimes are skiing, camping and hiking. She is just one of the more than 10,000 Canadians who make up Gulf Canada.

years later - crude oil continues to drain from the rock into the well and is drawn to the surface by pump. This may continue for many years. Even so, as much as 70% of the crude stays in the rock, millions of barrels of it.

## \$20 million risk

Gulf Canada's scientists, technicians and engineers are working on a way to coax more of the remaining oil out of the ground.

In a simplified explanation, it sounds easy enough you just pump solvent into the oil-bearing rock, where it will gradually combine with the crude and make it lighter, more "runny", so it will flow



The Fenn-Big Valley oil was discovered in 1950. Since then 15 million barrels of oil have been produced. 15 million more barrels remain in the oil-bearing rock. Gulf technical experts have designed a program where "solvent" is pumped into the reservoir to mix with and then the crude oil. Next, water is pumped in to push the mixture of oil along under pressure toward the well. In addition to solvent, Gulf will spend over \$20 million before it will know whether the flood will perform as expected.

Similar methods of getting extra oil from fields have been used before. We call them "enhanced recovery". Gulf Canada has designed this scheme specifically for the oil-bearing rock of Fenn-Big Valley. It has been developed in Canada for uniquely Canadian needs.

## Exploration in the lab

In the Gulf Research Centre at Sheridan Park, 20 miles west of Toronto, scientists tested "solvents" on actual samples of the oil from Fenn-Big Valley. In a small laboratory container they duplicate the pressure, volume and temperature of the underground

reservoir to discover how to make the oil dissolve. The results of the experiments are promising.



In the Gulf Canada Research Centre at Sheridan Park, Vera Belopolsky, Chemical Engineer, tests oil samples from the Fenn-Big Valley oil field in Alberta. Objective: to discover how "solvents" mix with crude oil at the pressure, volume and temperature encountered underground.

We do not have to search for this oil. We know it is there. Gulf Canada's team of experts are at work exploring both in the frontiers of science and of the country to help Canada have a secure supply of oil - a supply of oil for which we do not send money out of the country to other lands.

If you would like more information about various methods of enhanced recovery of oil, please write to Mr. R.H. Fenner, Director - Public Affairs, Gulf Canada Limited, 130 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Ontario, M5H 3R6.



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# Into a royal bloodline

**G**enalogists have traced his lineage further back than even the most natty-dressed royal would wish—to Genghis Khan, to Rodrigo the Col., even to Mohammed. Britain's newest prince is heir to 18 more or less half-baked castles and palaces, to a manor's £1-million-a-year stipend and to the unenvied private bounties that the Royal Family somehow never manages to declare to the tax man. (The feeling somehow exists that royalty is really providing a service by conserving—or preserving—all the goodies in part of the National Heritage.)

As the latest arrived in the direct line of succession, the press is at it. So The Times of London was quick to point out, a baby who "deserves to be a royal person, the tenth member of a once small dynasty." And the royal editor of the *Evening Standard* of London, in a column of 15 words, declared: "It is clear, the birth is a constitutional necessity as well as a royal privacy" (and public) event.

A constitutional event, it certainly is—a small landmark in the development of a function that has evolved, often perniciously, from what used to be parliamentary research—from Elizabeth the Unready to Elizabeth II, from Agincourt to the Falklands. There have been worthy and unworthy kings and queens, sober and riotous ones. George IV, whose marital problems were to cause the Duke of Wellington much nervous anxiety, was greeted on his early outings in Hyde Park by crowds who called out, "God bless him, he is a jolly, jolly young dog truly."

Lusty, indeed. And the tradition neither started nor ended with George IV. One aspect of Princess Diana's family tree, Henry VIII, was a great ancestor of hers, affected by syphilis, epilepsy, gout and diabetes. Edward VI, extraordinarily active, has been lovingly recorded in a series of TV documentary dramas.

From the days of Charles I, at least, royalty has been in a state of passionate revolt against the narrow confines of custom imposed by church and state. The excuse is generally made for Edward that he was compensating for a failure by his mother, Queen Victoria, to give him a respectable job. Victoria, herself, though finally renounced by her lengthy eastward sojourn of Britain, during its greatest years, came close to losing her subjects' respect by growing too long in residence for Prince Albert. Evidence of her later affection for John Brown, her butler, did not emerge until 1910.

In this century, public respect for the monarchy has been shaken—with public figures having been titillated—by a series of seismic events. The abdication of Edward was divided the Commonwealth

their Vienna cameras, to London and New York, on the jet-set summer circuit.

There have been, however, some notable comebacks. The Greeks sacked King Constantine in a post-Coldens referendum, but Spain soon won has a king, Juan Carlos, who returned successfully last year to prevent the country's fragile democracy from a military coup. In Belgian King Baudouin is credited with being the force that keeps French- and Flemish-speakers from fragmenting the nation. In the Netherlands, Norway and Sweden, too, the monarchs march on, though they are in closely in step with the economists as to almost indistinguishable except an annual speech.

In Commonwealth it is different. The royal line there lives in the public eye, but they love them sourly—and in considerable opinions. When Prince



Celebrating the Queen's birthday: from tribal chief to parliamentary minister

for her, has become an institution in her own right. The second Elizabeth goes easily and freely about her duties, however shying the emotional and political ones around her.

Meanwhile, on other shores, the institution of monarchy also survives, though it has suffered many disasters. When Queen Victoria died, in 1901, there were 25 European royals in residence. Last week, on the day her great, great, great-grandson was born, that number had dwindled to 10. While the Monarchs longer dreams of a revival, the likes of the young tsar of Russia, King Simeon II of Bulgaria and, before his death, the short-lived King Ali of Albania drift from their multinational-lineal seats clutching

Charles was born, the fountains in Trafalgar Square ran blue for three days. The symbolic link was with the old saying "blue for a boy," but it might as well have been for blue blood. Now the tribe is dispersing in the streets again, leaving details of a world that most will never know except at second hand a world of nations, empires and other megaballises. Still, the people apparently like their royals the way they are—or at least the way they are reported to be: hero or villain, dependable or despicable. Only history—and the media—will tell which of the two the new arrival will be. The one certainty is that he will have more names than fit comfortably on the standard birth certificates. —DAVID NORRIS

## COVER

official duties (and greeted by our workers with shouts of "Urraaaaah, we love you") was still wincing that it would be nice to see his grandson sometime.

Then comes the moment that the crowd, predominantly female, had been waiting for: Prince Charles and Princess Diana cut out together with their white-shawl-wrapped bundle. Diana glowing with maternal satisfaction and looking none the worse for her ordeal.

The baby prince will almost certainly be christened in the Royal Family's herculean role of silk and Henley lace, first used by Queen Victoria. It will be mostly certain, Diana will host-and-fund him for at least the first few weeks. For the first month she will help the birth of a traumatised child's nurse, Anna Maria, who looked after Princess Anne's two older children. Then Diana's chance as nanny takes over, a breezy informal 38-year-old named Barbara Barnes. Unlike the annual run of starchy upper-class nannies, she has had no formal training, never worn uniform and likes to be called by her first name.

There will be other breaks with tradition. With her well-known love of small children, Diana will not leave her son as long as nanny's care as did royal mothers of a previous generation. The Queen sometimes saw her children for only half an hour a day. Charles, too, has indicated that he will be an involved in the baby's upbringing as any modern young father. Royal nurseries are invariably decorated in emerald-yellow, and a pretty nursery suite, with hand-painted murals and furniture, awaits the baby at Highgrove. He may also sleep in the large Victorian mahogany cradle used by Charles as a baby.

Meanwhile, as one could doubt that the baby's timing had been perfect, it was close enough to the Falklands victory to keep the nation's euphoria in high gear. And the Queen's tour will be TV news reports of ships, planes and men dying in the South Atlantic. Author Christopher Booker referred in the Daily Mail that the longest road of the country is now strikingly different from the gloomy self-sufficiency of a year ago. Then, on the eve of every royal wedding, five bands were buried in Liverpool and London's suburbs.

Still, the new national pride and confidence may not hold. The industrial sector will return aggressively to offset this week as the first oil-cut-off since the oil strike since 1965 begins. But for a few heady days, at least, everything seemed to have found its place. And continuity of the Crown, in the tiny person of a blood-bathed baby, was reassuringly reinforced for another generation. ♦

# The best-selling baby

**I**n Saskatchewan, the government commissioned Eric Today, a Metis-made woodcarver, to make toys for the royal nursery. In Toronto Canadian Monarchs made merry with madrigals and strawberries and cream at the Royal Canadian Festival. But royal-watching was not the only party to celebrate the birth of an heir to the throne. Across the country businesses were wolfing ice. Royal-watching sprees have been my biggest stellar year," says Harry

Marie Passman, a 50-year-old housewife from Richland, B.C., agrees. Four years ago Passman turned her passion for collecting spouts into a small but thriving mail-order business. "The royal-watching sprees have been my biggest stellar year," she says. Now she has placed orders with several manufacturers for royal baby spoons.

The memento market, too, is going strong, and insiders expect it to do even better. At A.W. Hechinger in Toronto, one of Canada's largest dealers in royal-chintz pieces, sales rose from \$10,000 for home-produced maps to more than \$40,000 for limited-edition plates



Maymakers at Toronto's Royal Canada Festival. The birth is a bonanza

Berriford, buying manager of W.H. Smith Booksellers. "If it's anything like the royal wedding, sales will be enormous."

In fact, Prince Charles and Diana, Princess of Wales, are already a publishing phenomenon in Canada. *An Introduction to the Royal Wedding*, released at \$14.95 by Collier Publishers, sold an impressive 180,000 copies last year. "We have never had a sales figure like this in a hardback," says Nick Harris, president of Collier. Nor has public interest in the royal fairytale waned. *Matthew's Book of the Royal Wedding*, a pocket guide to the royal wedding, was released in mid-April, has sold 40,000 copies to date. *Princess McClelland and Stewart's Log into the Royal Wedding*, by the tiny wife of the couple, was released early this week and is already number 2 on W.H. Smith's national best-

We already have modestly priced Canadian-made souvenirs commemorating the birth of the heir," says William Hechinger, president of the founder's "British in a few months we will have about 80 more items." Meanwhile, there is a strong market in reproductions of Queen Victoria, originally sold for a few cents, which are now worth hundreds of dollars. Royal Albert plates depicting Charles and Diana which cost \$80 per pair last year are now fetching \$300. Royal Doulton figurines of the couple on their wedding day, which are to go on sale in July, have jumped \$600 in price even before reaching the market. "I just wait for the christening," says a smiling Hechinger. Like many in the same line of business, he is only too glad to put his trust in prudence. —SUSAN MCKAY in Toronto

# Giving birth to a parent



**By** **DETROIT** **James Throsby (left) and Jean de Grandpre** **in a breathtaking move**

The announcement defied all the laws of natural science. Late last week Bell Canada Chairman Jean de Grandpre arrived at a hurriedly called Montreal press conference to reveal that the 100-year-old telecommunications giant he heads had just given birth to its own parent. The mechanics of the operation are simple enough. Essentially, Bell Canada—which currently controls about 35 companies and provides phone services in Ontario, Quebec, the Maritimes and the Northwest Territories—will become a subsidiary of a privately-held company, Bell Canada Enterprises. During that procedure Bell Canada will be stripped of everything except its regulated, telephone-related activities. The rest of the company—which includes everything from management consultants to high-tech manufacturing plants—will become part of the new firm's domain.

While the move is straightforward, plucking down Bell's natives is much more difficult. De Grandpre presented it as a matter of convenience for all concerned. The reorganization, he said, will provide a "qualification" of Bell's regulated activities, which should make life easier for the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC). But many critics charge that the reorganization is little more than a scheme to avoid CRTC supervision. Says Andrew Rosen of the Public Interest Advocacy Centre: "The audacity of the move is breathtaking."

Relations between Bell and its gov-

ernment watchdog are, at the best of times, testy. They reached a new low in 1976 after Bell signed a \$1-billion cost-cutting contract with Saudi Aramco. Despite the company's lengthy arguments to the contrary, the commission decided to consolidate the earnings from the deal with the firm's other profits. The result: lower rate hikes. Rosen says he now fears that the proposed severing of Bell's lucrative consulting and manufacturing business from the telephone company may just a play to boost rates.

For consumers, there may be further developments from Bay Street if the plan goes through. Ken MacDonald, general counsel of the Consumers' Association of Canada, says that once Bell Canada is reduced to being just another monopoly utility, it may find that its borrowing costs will rise. Those drawbacks could be more than compensated for by another factor, however. The corporate pupping could position the parent firm to more aggressively enter data processing and computer communications. According to Peter Gaudrey, president of the Canadian Industrial Communications Assembly, Bell Canada's plans have some parallels with recent moves by the New York-based American Telephone & Telegraph Co. (AT&T). Following an antitrust settlement that permitted the company to enter the area of computer communications, AT&T recently set up a new \$50-million company to cash in.

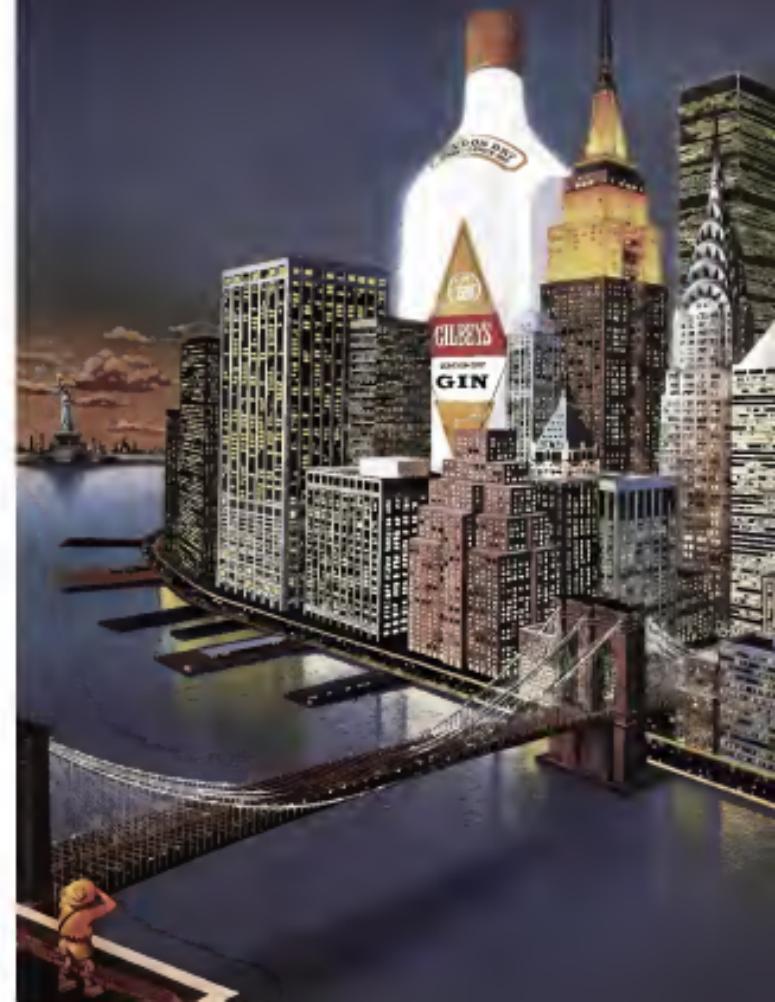
Although de Grandpre confidently predicted last week that the reorganiza-

## Alberta wins the second round

**I**t's a case that seemed to meet the highest standards of constitutional correctness, the Supreme Court of Canada last week ruled against a federal tax on provincial exports of natural gas. The Alberta government had sought the power to prohibit sales of provincially owned gas through a pipeline to the Maritimes border. What made the issue somewhat fanciful was that there is no such gas, no such pipeline and no such tax. Then, as ever, energy companies exported the gas. Lawyers and politicians had conjured a fiction to make a point. For Alberta and the industry, however, it was a point worth making.

The dispute erupted at the height of the Ottawa-Alberta energy war in 1980. Anticipating a federal export tax, Premier Peter Lougheed's cabinet prepared in advance for a court battle—

**Last week, Alberta won its battle** **in the Supreme Court**





## Little joy under the Dome

By Roderick McQueen

**M**ona Loon's smile excepted, more has been written about Jack Gallagher's grin than any other pair of parted lips in history. In his book *The Aristocrats*, Peter G. Newman devoted 98 words to a description of the chairman of Dome Petroleum's funding teeth. An earlier draft, edited down for final publication, had written eloquently of "a full set of...and [they] all showed distinct...as any of Smiling Jack's [as he is universally called] teeth; actions explained in length and intricate detail that it was actually the architect of Gallagher's twinkle that caused his upper lip to draw back, thereby exposing cheerful teeth even when he was not happy. These days, however, whatever joy there was behind the smile has turned to pain.

To understand his dilemma, remember that he was Dome Petroleum's first and founding employee in 1969. From that one-man band he has orchestrated Dome into Canada's largest oil company, the largest gas producer, not to mention playing with Hibernal the country's last best hope for self-sufficiency. However, with the estimated \$5.4 billion Gallagher has caused from the banks, it is also the most debt-ridden.

Until a year ago Dome was the darling of the Oil Patch. A person who bought a single share in 1985 when the company first went public would now hold 60 shares because of regular stock splits. Dome drilled the first well in the high Arctic land found gold in 1989. Not only did Gallagher have a sandwich plate named after him at Calgary's Petroleum Club, but there was an ascendancy in the 1997 federal budget that was all his, too. It granted generous super-depletion allowances for wells to be drilled that cost more than \$5 million. Only Dome was drilling such wells and early and the rest in the Beaufort Sea, where the federal government desperately wanted to feel as off-shore. When the National Energy Program (NEP) was announced in 1987, Dome was the firm most assiduously carrying out government policy. No other company can match Gallagher's record, his pertinaciousness in the

corridors of Parliament, his hand grasping an elbow, his lips pressed to the ear of power. Nor is anyone who goes to good of growing the executive offices at banks, where he is the eternal optimist, a tragic visionary with a patter that's as smooth as a kitten's whisk.

A year ago when Dome repurchased half of Hudson Bay Oil and Gas (HBOG), he tapped Canadian banks for the required \$2 billion. When the deal was to increase the ownership half of the bank's board and bailed, as Smiling Jack went west and managed \$2 billion (U.S.) from a group of U.S. banks. The purchase was a bold move that doubled Dome's assets—but crippled its future, too.

For, while Dome was swallowing HBOG, the world was turning. What happened, quite simply, was that after 30 years of brick-by-brick building, Gallagher had given in to acquisitive-minded colleagues at just the wrong time. It's not that he's trying to

shift the blame, mind you, but he was 65 years old, and those young bucks were given their heads. The banks' reluctance was faulty, too, and they realized their poor judgment even before the inspector general of banks, with the Dome loans in mind, announced some guidelines in May as loans from individual banks to single borrowers.

With so many of last-year's acquisitions, overpriced bankers and the resulting governments—Dome must be allowed to go under. Gallagher has already taken a significant first step, one that is a painful operation for a personal optimist. To raise cash he is offering for sale all of his inter-national life's work, \$1 billion in assets. Times are tough, no top prices are unlikely. Worse, his vision is being extinguished, like some shadow served up as supper for his critics.

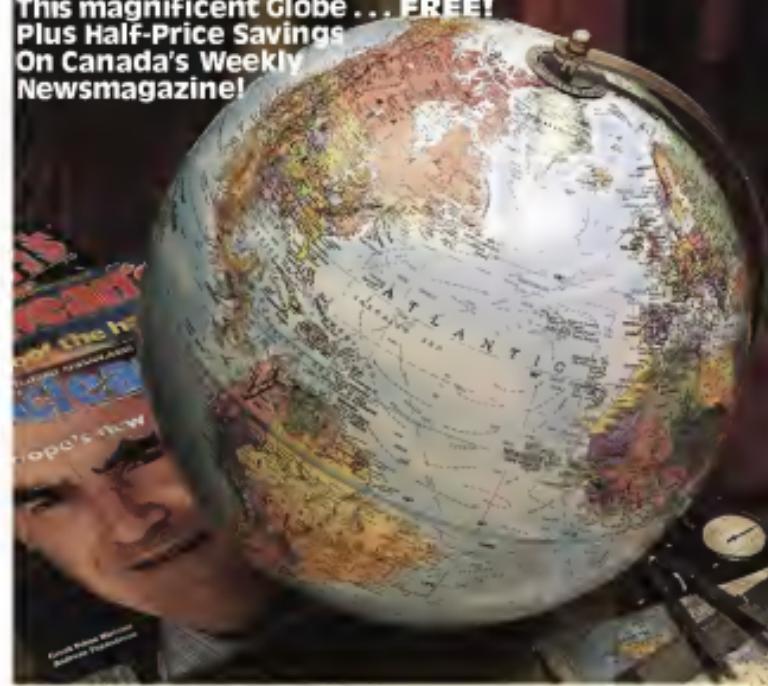
It is time now for the banks and the federal government to make an equally difficult move and find a co-operative solution which may need to go beyond just restructuring the loans. The \$60-million loan from the cabinet last week ordered Petro-Canada to guarantee for Dome is a start. If that is not enough, further government involvement in oil companies should not be ruled out. Ontario says one-quarter of Suncor Quebec is tying Ultramar and Gulf. The federal government could easily take an ownership position in Dome through Petro-Canada is necessary for an inspection of much-needed cash. The banks are also already in the petrochemical business, not just as lenders but as owners (through a little-known company called Tigris) of \$3 billion in natural gas from the Trans-Canada PipeLines system.

Why help Dome and not someone else? Because Dome is not some corner store in town, it's a corporation in Canada's energy. Government and banks must adapt their prior fault and devise a new social order. The alternative is Rocky IV of Dome dreams, allowing shareholders and suppliers to suffer while the smirking banks smile. In a country such as Canada we need more dreamers like Smiling Jack. And anyway, who would wipe the smile from the cold trooper's face?



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# All the world's the Cup's stage



**El Salvador's Luis Guevara dives in vain, the ultimate sports event, surpassing even the Olympics**

By Rick Bowles

**T**housands of jubilant Breitlings sat singing and sunbathing through the streets of Sevilla, Spain, after their team's defeat of Scotland, and the world's supreme sporting event, the World Cup, was off to a rollicking start. Some 1.5 billion television viewers around the world—something like one in three human beings—are tuned in watching every corner kick and cross. The Cup is the ultimate sports event, surpassing even the Olympics.

There is more excitement, more anguish in defeat, exultation in victory and more spectators than for any other event. With the addition of eight teams to the tournament, swelling the field to 24 from the traditional 16, it can be argued that this is the biggest sporting event in world history. Canadian fans, able to watch on home TV for the first time instead of as closed-circuit satellite telecasts, are watching 27 of the matches on the CBC English and French networks. In England, the critics of the game, often economic managers offering a series of dire fiscal films for homesickness without the 29 days' and 82 games' worth of football or the tally.

The purpose of viewing the continental extravaganzas is enormous, not to mention the hundreds of thousands of dollars to the visiting squad members. Competition for the '90 World Cup began two years ago when 136 teams played elimination matches all over the planet. Only 24 survived to

make it to the championship round in Spain. They are being whirled down to two final-round square off July 11 in Madrid. At odds of 1 to 6, it's a great bet, an international "happening" that has drawn 7,000 pressmen and half a million fans, tourists and jet-setters.

Photo time for some of the established soccer superstars may be a little delayed, though. For no sooner had the Cup kicked off than some of the giants, Brazil apart, began losing. West Germany, up to a less than auspicious start with a humiliating 2-1 loss to Algeria, had immediately changed the odds on Algeria to 200 to 1. A single失敗(失點) in net fatal in the early rounds of play, but

**Sheik Fahd Al-Sabah (right) beats Scotland's Miller one in three hours watching**



catching up with the rest of the world—underwriting the decision of FIFA, the world football governing body, to increase the number of tournament participants. "Football has never witnessed a revelation like this," commented London's *The Observer*, while Yugoslavia's sporting manager, Miljan Mijatovic, added, "We must all adapt to the new age."

Still, no one could have forecast Cossacks, which had brought along its own doctors and a supply of monkey meat, holding senior-level press to a 9-to-standoff. And the Kuwaitis, the tiny competing country (population one million), a 300-to-1 outsider, held supposedly solid Czechoslovakian team to a 1-1 draw—and could easily have won. But there were cries in the crowd: "They've got the bigger bankroll," and a German looked, the oil-rich Kuwaitis had spent lavishly to train these players, who are promised \$200,000 for victory, and hired a British coach at great expense. But there was trouble in their second game. France smashed four goals past them, and the Kuwaiti players walked off the field after the fourth, claiming that a whistle in the closing minutes caused them to urinate. After seven minutes of overtime, an ailing, ailing, ailing, a Kuwaiti player, Sheik Fahd Al-Sabah, in flowing robes and a pink head-dress, persuaded his players to carry on. They were rewarded when, as any quota could have foreseen, the Soviet referee changed his mind and refuted the French goal. Whereupon the French walked off. The game was finally completed with players from both sides keeping hands. Final score:

France, 1; Kuwait, 1. Two days later the Kuwaiti team was fined \$13,000 and the referee was suspended.

The jolly folk who brightened the whole scene of the World Cup were evidently the Scots. They came flooding down to Madrid and Seville, cheering and dancing in the docks houses—15,000 of them. "It took me three years to save \$100 to come here and I paid my job but I don't care," declared 25-year-old Colin Drummond. "Some of the lads are sleeping on the beach, eating steaks every night. In this manner. Our hearts are with Scotland's magic." That magic didn't work as the field Scotland buffed and puffed before overwhelming a

totally inexperienced New Zealand side 8-0. Losing to Brazil 4-3 was no disgrace, but the Scots needed a win against the Soviet Union to survive. The atmosphere at La Rosaleda stadium in Malaga was tense. Actor Sean Connery and singer Rod Stewart showed up to support Scotland, but they were going to part the team. "I'm not," said Stewart, but "I was a little behind the times." The job had already been done.

The Scots attacked hard in the first half, and Joe Jordan, beached in the first two games, scored to give Scotland the lead. But the cross-roads were 3-3 tie, and the Scots were packing for home. They had the same number of points in the hard-fought Swiss but had an inferior goal difference, so the Soviet Union squeezed into round two with Brazil by the narrowest of margins. The Scots celebrated anyway. "We beat the Russians 2-2," reported some fans in a Malaga bar.

That is for the best. English football fans are a quirkily violent bunch. After England beat France 1-0 in what was billed as the "Second Battle of Agincourt," English fans bashed spearheads and bars and there were a number of street fights, one stabbing and 14 arrests. At one point during the game, police, including riot police, herded their way through a section of the English fans, many of them proudly wearing T-shirts depicting 1846 VICTORY IN BAGHDAD. But the World Cup's biggest issue was the ticket sales. Madrapska, a specially created consortium of Spanish hotels and travel agencies, was given a virtual monopoly. There were empty seats in most stadiums, even for the opening ceremonies in Barcelona, a spectacle that rivaled any Olympics.

Out of the hurly-burly of the first 12 days of Cup play, the 12 remaining teams were split into four groups. On the early forms shown in the first round, the countries that had the best chance of going forward to qualify for the semifinals would seem to be Brazil, Belgium and Spain or England, who most get past West Germany. Brazil, Argentina and Italy are in the same group, while Northern Ireland, France and Austria form a group, and the Soviet Union, Poland and Bulgaria another. One nation survives from each group. The Soviet-Poland game, with its political overtones, should have had more than 100,000 spectators but the Soviet press was not happy. The defending champion Argentines lost their first match 1-0 against a winged, defensive-minded Belgian team. The Argentine players seemed embarrassed by the Belgians' fierce "tacita," said their manager, Oscar Manzari. The English papers wallowed in their misery. ARGENTINA SURVIVED, IT WAS TOLD, "BY THE SKIN OF ITS TEETH." The Argentines had the narrowest win, 2-1 over Scotland. The English press, however, had a bad line in the London Sun. The Argentines were down but not out. Five days later they rebounded with a 4-1 win over Hungary. This time the English papers praised the "Magic Maradona Show," referring to Argentina's superstar, Diego Maradona, rated the world's best

should have had that soccer passion will not die yet. Brazil and Argentina clash.

Predictions are a fool's game, but a betting pool might well choose Brazil and Spain for the final game. Brazil has won the World Cup three times since 1950, and any other year, and with the likes of Beccaria (a 25-year-old madman) stoked after the philosophical Eric, Javier and Palomo, has the most solid all-round team. But a lot of woe resides in Spain, which cannot be counted out at home and seems to have the references on its side. As for a winter, can anyone really resist that Santa beat?" "Avante, Brasil, Avante!" ☐



**Brazil's Zico (right) beats Scotland's Miller one in three hours watching**

# CANADA WITH LOVE

This week is the official publication date of Canada With Love, a collection of 100 photographs edited by Lorriane MacKinnon among the 30,000 entries in a massive national contest sponsored by McClelland and Stewart. The book's publisher, MacKinnon, whose Canada A Year of the Land set new standards for photo yearbooks, has put her winning pictures together with many private entries collected by Bob Robert Colacino to produce a shrewd look at this country's natural beauty. MacKinnon's preface links each concept as well the book's introductory essay by artist Harold Town.

**C**anada is a vast, half-dressed landscape in search of a country. As a people we are chained to the mystery of our endless sky, to the sudden flooding rock of spring, the fat heat of summer, and the ruthless death of winter through which in every crack of ice we see the green promise of a mystical tomorrow. We are wanderers in the largest unhabited or empty in the world, refusing to sell ourselves to a specific people who bear a banner of race and mission. Unlike nations with a perceived destiny we do not push out from our frontiers to claim a larger part of the planet either through



*I'm standing here before you  
I don't know what I bring  
If you can hear the music  
Why don't you help me sing*  
—Leonard Cohen

war or cultural influence. Having journeyed to the mountain, forest, and plain, we stay here.

As framer people we marvel at our good fortune and do very little about it. Refusing to squeeze our lovely land into one substantive moral symbol we stand on the threshold of identity, swelling our feet on the world's longest undefended border, imagining we are tap dancing in a universal test. In fact, we put in another test, another test: the keening cry of the loon, the crack of frost-cooked snow, the wings atop scuffle of fallen leaves sailing towards winter on the dying grass. Weather has been sublimated in our vision for a national symbol, not far from the herit, hill, or site-bound top list of instant identity. We are a nation of thermometer observers and train as if we had to harvest the lower edge of the land before the next snowfall. Our seasons are nature's guillotine. Summer ends with a chop and we drop into the basket of fall, quickly tamed enough to remember the sun, and quickly fade in winter cold, waiting for a spring that whips the snow to

Giant cedars, Whistler, British Columbia (left);  
February, overlooking Georgian Bay, Ontario (above);  
Glacier National Park, British Columbia, (right)



skies in a blisk, turns the air into a breathable meal, yanks croissants out of the ground by the hair, and sneaks off leaving us with dreams of Jessie MacDonald singing amid apple blossoms.

Having spied for the cultural mission, we comprehend landscapes as no mere image of the ethnic patchwork that is Canada. For us, nature and her agent, weather see the parts that make the blood rise. Canadians are riveteries, even complicitive, travellers. They went abroad to take in the whole world just to prove how large Canada is. Nevertheless, Canada goes with them. I know a man who took a Tom Thomson calendar to Paris to remind him of Algonquin Park, which is like containing Fort Knox with a gold ring.

Though violence brings many tensions to the checkered annual drama of a cultural shambles, conflict is inevitably overwhelmed by two feet of snow, a February chinook, or the early arrival of the Bohemian Wheewee. In the middle of a Constitutional controversy that many Canadians politely avoided, the first forest fire, a westward step a dead end, or the opening of the fishing season were matters of greater concern to our citizens.

E.J. Pratt was the one Canadian poet who had the nose in his nostrils that innumerate land with a personal vision of grandeur and destroy. On February 4, 1932, we celebrated the

centenary of his birth by ignoring him. Instead, we choose to be symbolized through the Group of Seven and their paintings, excepts memories of a landscape that never seems to leave the mind, or the salarcomes, and which are finally just as effective on a postage stamp.

No matter what economic or political crisis threatens our social order, we shake our fist at the sky and rail against fate, but there are not enough of us to dent the clouds and smudge the bluish underbelly of the heaven that is really Canada. Our troubles are minuscule when compared to the spaces we inhabit, our ideas, if not caught immediately, roll on indefinitely past miles of shimmering wheat, through giant gorges and over mountains into outer space. There are no blockers to boost a distant perception of nationhood against. We cannot think about in a province for a few hours and declare, "This is Canada!"

Scientists believe that North America was formed when a giant meteorite crashed into what is now central Canada. This stupendous collision set off a series of volcanic eruptions that lasted for millennia and formed a ridge effect of granite rock stretching from the point of impact through the rest of the continent. Canadians seem, as if by osmosis, to have absorbed the fact that our land was once the very centre of continental creation and that the slowly moving mass of liquid

Goose Lake in the Cypress Hills, near Medicine Hat, Alberta (below); Mount Wilson in the Northwest Territories (right)



Black mountains  
in our country  
in the map a country  
would be  
A state of mind  
—Sid Marty

rock was our final expressional geographic move. In the great countries of the world, those nations that are old in death and retribution, in feed and recompense, in muscle and snarl, all roads lead to the cities, cities that have suffered anguish and destruction only to be built again as layers of history. In Canada all roads lead away from cities. We have an extraordinary urge to build in the bush, as witness the lemming rush to cottage country at the end of the school term, an urge to escape somewhere outside the city. There are in Canada as many unpopulated reserves as suspended on front the call of the wild. We possess almost nothing, save our qualities, that we do not have a city three times greater than this mythic city that dwells in the imagination of the world. Bemusement and tedium come from lakes and trees, bushes, brush and rock. Nothing can stand against the sensory blast of maple red in autumn, so that summer when the double-chilled air invades visitors and like the mass with all the cosmic mysteries of water and earth, in that poignant, dying time before the final purple base of fall transforms the land into a velvet cushion, in those days of melancholy when the air is still shimmering emulsion cleavage from the growth beneath, when birds have taken their way through the richness of the time, and the long, gentle evenings of golden dusk are pasted forever on the mind. And then it's winter, with snow so white and intense it seems to drive the open back onto the shield. It goes as beneath the soft, insulating cover, in miles—ways as intricate as freeways, and watercress lives under me in the stiff flow of a frozen stream.

Canadians give themselves completely to the seasons, our seasons surround and encapsulate a historical variance. In this we are eccentric, far without plan or reason we have avoided civil war and used international extremism. Canada has no



On the Mississippi River near Bismarck, Dakota.

dreams of empire, no wish to control or manipulate. Our foreign gardens are in the eye, we marvel at our luck.

We are not a nation in any ordinary sense but a collection of bands, wandering in a defined and bordered land. Most nations exist beyond landscape, past a precise geographical location. We exist behind ours.

In many ways we are similar to the Celts in our mythical determination to remain at flux, in movement with the wind. Though Canada has an heroic government we have no sense of being governed. We believe in earth, leaves, soil, sky, and it is possible that by refusing to become a nation in the ordinary historical sense we have become something more.

From *The Canadian Pudding*, McClelland and Stewart Limited

**W**hen Margaret Thatcher arrived in Washington, D.C., last week for talks with Ronald Reagan, she was greeted by a poster tribute in The Washington Post apparently written by the Saudi Arabian court when the British prime minister visited Saudi Arabia last year.

The Gide—

Venice was seduced by man/that  
the far more attractive woman. Margaret Thatcher was sculptured by Alfonso. My heart raced when I saw her face in fact. Her skin was smooth as ivory. Her cheeks as rosy as an English rose. And her eyes as lovely as a dove's. Her figure is more attractive than the figure of any cherubim with an inverted nose.

The effect of this paragraph on the subject of seduction was startling. The Sunday Times of London, the Associated Press wire service and the Toronto Star all received it in Moscow, just as too many such things these days. It was a hoax. According to an unnamed official at the Saudi Embassy in Washington, there is no such thing as a Saudi court poet. "Somebody has read The Threemont and One Night Too often," he says. When asked about the poem last week, Thatcher looked rather smug and dismissed the seduction-mongering question with a quick shake of the head. Later, one of her aides said: "Mrs. Thatcher has a country to run and a very difficult situation in the South Atlantic to deal with. As far as she knows, no one has written a poem about her."

**W**hen Argentine tennis sensation Gabriela Sabatini vowed last month to give up sex in order to concentrate on becoming the world's best tennis player, tennis-savvy around the world responded by hoping her career would hold up. They did not have long to wait. Last week, *Forbes* magazine delighted in exposing the fact that Vitas, 26, had given to a woman Facio, a maid with glamorous Princess Caroline of Monaco, 26, for a secret rendezvous. The magazine published candid photographs of the couple swimming and sunbathing on an idyllic beach and sitting on the balcony of their hotel. A spokesman for the daughter of Prince

Emperor and Princess Grace said Caroline has known him [Vitas] for about 10 years, just as we know the name of drivers and other technicians in Monte Carlo. The story may help the Caspian's sagging spirits. She has widely publicized divorce from French businessman Philippe Joret in October 1980, the French media have portrayed the princess as a "soft" and "withdrawn" divorcee.

**F**or soprano Sondra Radvanovsky, the road to achieving wide acclaim has been dotted with international intrigues. Last month the singer tried to visit Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, with pianist Anna Gross,



Austin (right) snubbed for her looks.  
Princess Caroline's secret rendezvous



**I**t was only a matter of time before Ryan O'Neal's son, Griffin, 17, would grace the screen. The sandy-haired, freckle-faced actor—son of actress Joanne Woodward and his brother of 18-year-old Talisa O'Neal—makes his television picture debut in *The Escape Artist*, a suspense film directed by *Cape Fear*'s Michael Apted. With him are Dennis Hopper, who co-wrote the script, and actress Jennifer Jason Leigh. Although O'Neal has had a few minor screen roles in *The Champ* and *Low Voltage* and *Roxie Hunter*, the youngest O'Neal was convinced that one day he would join the family trade. "They [Ryan O'Neal and his girlfriend, *Forbes* Princess] knew I could do it," he says nonchalantly, adding that he wants to maintain his "little acting career" to buy a Grand Prix racing car.

—EDITED BY CAROL BULMAN

to perform seven recitals at the Aranze Oil Co. bases. What the two Thatchers failed to realize, though, is that the reclusive Moslem country does not welcome foreign entertainers—especially attractive, single women—with open arms. At first, Austin was denied an entry visa by Saudi officials on the grounds that she was "too attractive"—even though Aranze officials declared that she was a "conservative." Following the snub, Austin was issued an American travel consultant's locker and passport photo taken of herself—out with her neck, chest, and chin modestly covered up. With that in hand, Austin and Gross were permitted to fly to the Persian Gulf city, where they performed Brahms and George Gershwin songs for Aranze's North American employees overseas.



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# The trials of the insanity plea

By Brian D. Johnson

**D**avid Larivière was extremely drunk when he used a wine bottle to kill the woman in bed beside him one night 10 years ago in Cochrane, Ont. When he came to his senses, he took out a shotgun and declared if he were crazy, Alberta psychiatrists would have known it by the time of his trial, therefore he was psychotic at the time of his offence, and a jury found him not guilty of murder by reason of insanity. Larivière was spared a prison term, but, as he chancely relates on a plywood table in the meeting room of the maximum-security unit at Penitentiary-shire Mental Health Centre, he now regrets his acquittal. "By screwing the system, I screwed myself." If he had pleaded guilty, he could have had his charge reduced to manslaughter and been released on parole after five years. Now, after eight years inside, he may never get out. The insanity defence is often criticized as a shelter from punishment. But for Larivière, the plan has turned from a legal loophole into a bottomless pit.

The fate of offenders pleading "not guilty by reason of mental incapacity" has become one of the most controversial issues in criminal justice. Some psychiatrists and lawyers charge that the plan has converted the courtroom into a diagnostic circus, others insist that mental disorder constitutes a crucial element in assessing guilt. But the public worries that the plea may be too easily manipulated by the offender to circumvent the legal system.

In the United States a movement is gathering ground. The public outrage over John Hinckley Jr.'s acquittal last week for attempting to assassinate U.S. President Ronald Reagan has given the movement even more momentum. One state, Idaho, has already abolished it. Ultimately, apparently, many a U.S. criminal institution has become a "re-solving door" that can release dangerous offenders within months of their trial. Hinckley, for instance, could be released in three weeks.

But in Canada the situation is radically different. Those acquitted by insanity face much stricter discipline than

detainees, and a series of new developments have turned the insanity defence into a highly unlikely option for the accused. A recent Supreme Court decision has severely narrowed the legal interpretation of insanity. Some lawyers now say there is virtually no chance that one can retain the defence without breaking certain rules of evidence and common law.

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constitutes a crucial element in assessing guilt. But the public worries that the plea may be too easily manipulated by the offender to circumvent the legal system.

It is now being used sparingly. The Crown has sought the right to invoke the defence against the wishes of the accused in order to prosecute them for a longer period. The Ontario Court of Appeal has allowed such a move. **Insanity defense?**

Yet some lawyers are challenging that law. Finding defendants incompetent in a mental institution, rather than at a fixed prison sentence, they have begun to focus on another legal exception: *insanity*. The Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms—certainly "the right not to be arbit-



Larivière: By screwing the system, I screwed myself?



rary—gives the accused the right to invoke the defence against the wishes of the prosecution. They are confined to a mental institution as a long-term patient rather than at a fixed prison sentence. They are entitled to see their clients for the purpose of asserting their legal rights upon acquittal. They are entitled to a medical institution as a Long-Term-Carever's Ward (LTCW), which can only be lifted by a provincial review board, whose recommendation needs judicial approval. The five-member boards—usually composed of psychiatrists,

lawyers and a judge—review each inmate's case every six months to a year, and they offer as right of appeal. Although the number of LTCW patients is steady flux, there are now about 900 in Canada.

Arguing that inmate Blanche application of *insanity* is mostly in urgent, Canada's Law Reform Commission unsuccessfully urged that the law be abolished four years ago. But last month the commission issued a draft proposal to broaden the insanity defence to include "distinguished responsibility" under the umbrella of mental disorder. Under the Criminal Code a person is deemed insane "when he has a disease of the mind that renders him incapable of appreciating the nature and quality of his act." Noting that the



Kipkotie (left), Larivière arguing that the insanity defence be abolished

law applies only to someone whose understanding is impaired, the commission suggests that it should also cover someone whose self-control is impaired.

But recently, the Supreme Court of Canada set a precedent by quashing an insanity acquittal because the accused knew what he was physically doing to his victim. That ruling came in the case of Christian Kipkotie, a psychopath who raped and bludgeoned to death a female taxi driver near Calgary while on leave from an Alberta mental hospital in 1977. Late December, the Supreme Court agreed with the trial judge that Kipkotie was legally sane because he appreciated that "he was hitting the woman on the head with the rock and was causing physical injury which could result in death." The accused's mental state during the killing was irrelevant, said the judge. "Whether it is

one or barrels him is neither here nor there."

Even though the Kipkotie decision was specifically aimed at a psychopath, the ruling has since been broadly applied. But psychopaths present a unique problem. While mentally deficient, they are often intelligent and readily aware of their actions, so they fail to qualify as insane under the law. Although these patients often do not respond to medical treatment, about 15 years ago Penetanguishene psychiatrists began to encourage the admissions of psychopaths. But experimental therapy programs have had little success, and now the pendulum is swinging back to the idea of putting such psychopaths in the notorious Old Ford Prison.

Practicing inmates, such as Larivière



Kipkotie (left), Larivière arguing that the insanity defence be abolished

and Wayne Bianchi, claim they are labelled "psychotic disorders," or psychopaths, not of barbecued convicts. Dr. Russell Flewelling, director of Penetanguishene's forensic assessment and defense program, says he is "very sceptical" of anyone who pleads insanity.

The very odd, the very odd, the very odd, looking like a tennis player," says a lawyer named Gerry Ferguson, a law professor at the University of Victoria, doubts that insanity is ready to accept psychopathic excuse for "the blunders of the world," noting that juries are often skeptical of anyone who pleads insanity.

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That is enough to stand trial. Flewelling claims that far too much effort is spent trying to examine a person's mental state around the time of the crime. "It's a useless exercise, because often it doesn't relate at all to what's wrong with the guy."

These advances are unlikely to stand trial as a legal man's land. While most provinces hold their numbers down to five or 10 per cent, more than a quarter of Quebec's 280 100s and half of New Brunswick's 24 100s are deemed unfit. That means, however, evasions if they sufficiently recover, or if charges are dropped. But there have been cases of people languishing in prison for years. The Honourable Mr. Justice Peter H. Brewster, a mentally retarded man accused of paralleling in 1960 in New Brunswick, was found unfit and spent 16 years in an institution before a public outcry persuaded authorities to release him.

That is the sweetly ill may have legal rights in a relatively new concept. Dr. Barry Reid reports that when he first started as Penetanguishene's medical superintendent in 1960 "nobody got out"—period. If a killer dies well now, he's got a very good chance of being back at the street.

So far, however, no killer released from Penetanguishene has committed another murder. Garry Boyd, "Dangerous behavior among the mentally ill is a very rare event," Yet the public, fuelled by Hollywood images of the cut-throat inmates, has trouble with a benign view of killers. Gerry Ferguson, a law professor at the University of Victoria, doubts that insanity is ready to accept psychopathic excuse for "the blunders of the world," noting that juries are often skeptical of anyone who pleads insanity.

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## The furore over surrogate motherhood

**A** host a year after Barbara and Gordon Apperley were married in Delta, B.C., they discovered she could not bear children. Like many couples who are infertile and find the thought of raising children difficult, they applied to an adoption agency. But, after months of anxious waiting, they became disheartened. "We toyed with the idea of using my sister," she confesses. "I had no qualms about it. I just thought it would be nice for the baby to have George's genes. He's so brilliant." If the Apperleys had failed to adopt a baby by the traditional legal route, they would have opted for surrogate motherhood.

Given Canadian adoption agencies' rigorous screenings and long waiting lists, many infertile couples may have reluctantly given up that route in British Columbia alone, where 200 adoptions are placed every year, even though more than 1,100 couples wait. As a result, about 25 per cent of the applicants withdraw. "They give up hope or give up on the idea of having a family," says Victoria social worker Elizabeth Rockhart, who has managed an adoption case for 20 years. As the numbers of adoptable children continue to dwindle, Rockhart is not surprised that couples are tempted to hire surrogate mothers to bear their children.

Capitalizing on the trend, various companies and individuals in the United States are providing mother substitutes who are willing to be artificially inseminated. The Surrogate Fertility Association Inc., in Louisville, Ky., reports that it receives 10 Canadian requests a year. Steel Keane, a Dearborn, Mich., lawyer, recently launched a Canadian advertising campaign and announced that he had received 2,000 calls from a Toronto couple for a baby for last year. In his past seven years Keane claims to have placed 20 babies and says that five of his current clients are Canadians. "If artificial in-



semination payments are legal," he argues. "Why not this?"

The law, however, has fallen behind the technological times. No legislation exists to govern either the practice of artificial insemination or surrogate parenthood. Russell Dickson, a law professor at the University of Victoria, charges that the laws are inadequate simply because the legislators have never turned their minds to the question. "The legal system may end up having to deal with surrogate motherhood by accident."

But a case may never reach the courts in most provinces if a couple can contract directly with a surrogate mother for a baby without violating any laws. Once the baby is born, all the father needs to do is claim paternity and arrange for custody. She automatically becomes the infant's stepparent. Once the child is living with the couple, the wife can adopt the child, thus becoming its legal mother.

The only truly legal issue is the question of payment. In the scenario earlier, the man received Under-Canada law, no money can change hands to procure a baby for adoption. A third party such as a lawyer can only charge

for expenses. (Ontario allows a maximum of \$1,300.) In the Toronto couple's case, the surrogate, who was compensated to be paid \$16,000, claimed a right to the money. By doing so, she protected the husband and herself from criminal prosecution and fines of up to \$5,000.

But the legal problems and lawsuit possibilities arising from the civil agreement between the surrogate mother and the donor father are numerous. No piece of paper can force the biological mother to surrender her child. What's more, if she keeps her baby, she may be entitled to maintenance payments. In the event of such a breach of contract, the father would have to sue for custody. (A similar California case was withdrawn from court last year before the judge made a decision.) If a payment were made, however, the father could launch a lawsuit to try to recover the money.

While the moral issues of surrogate motherhood remain unresolved, so do the questions of ethics. What happens if the child is born with defects and what criteria are used to choose the surrogates? Even though specific guidelines are lacking for the selection of surrogates, Keane refers candidates to Dr. Philip Parker, who assesses the mental and physical well-being of every woman. (Half of the surrogates are married, and all, so far, have been white.) Says Parker, "Surprisingly, there are an inordinately high number of Catholics."

Whether the practice of surrogate motherhood is illegal or immoral does not seem to deter or repel couples wanting children. "Is light of our present practices with respect to adoption," says Jeffrey Wilson, a Toronto expert in family law, "the money paid to surrogate mothers is not incorrect or unusual."

Boyle's surrogates are performing a service for society. "But, he adds, regulation is imperative." —SARAH JANE GLOVER, with ALICE FRANCIS

JANE MURRAY

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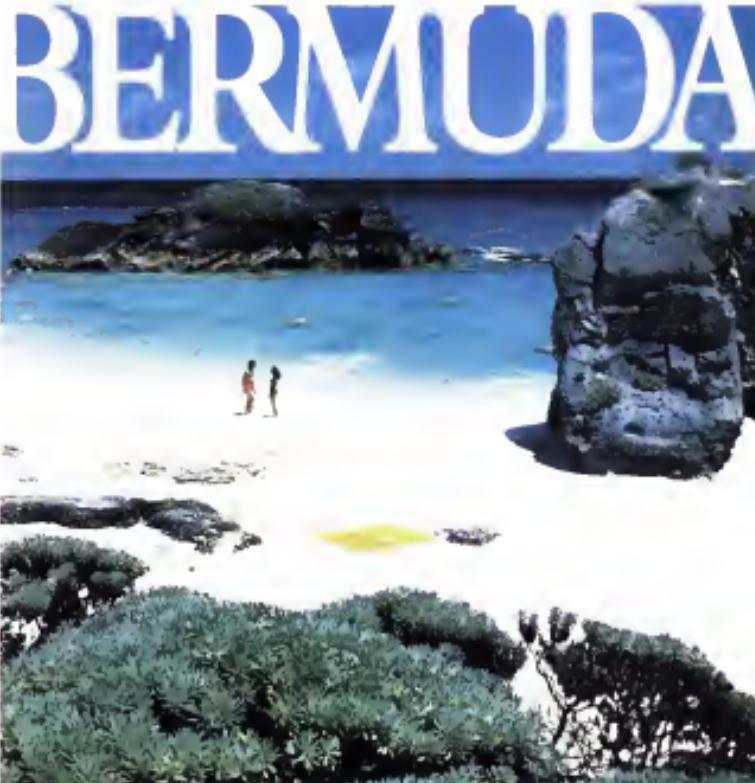
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# The lapses of an engaging teacher

MICHAELSON'S GHOSTS

by John Gardner  
(Shadow House, 580 pages, \$22.95)

**A**s an unapologetic advocate of "seamless fiction," John Gardner preaches that novels should provide lessons on how to live instead of dispassionately listing the illus of the world. While that may be noble as an ideal, it can be dangerously didactic when put into practice; characters lose their credibility and humanity when they become mere puppets for ideal. In Michaelson's Ghost, Gardner has allowed a torrent of lessons and ideas

downpour the book (and we would have been treated to deduce the moral solely by the actions of the characters). Michaelson's vacation gives the author license to ramble. Everything John Gardner Knows About Ethics.

Beyond its maddening didacticism, Gardner's ministrance on crumpling, lecture by lecture, a first-year graduate course into the narrative it all the more unfortunate because it distorts a thoughtful and imaginative plot. Michaelson becomes entangled in a sloppy divorce, a social affair with a 17-year-old, an infatuation with an angelic sociology professor, the demands of a widowed

wife<sup>1</sup> about Esther and Nietzsche when Gardner finally cuts up the loose strands of the sprawling plot in a gripping climax, it is too little too late. By now the reader has been so exasperated by Michaelson's verbiage that the thrill-like suspense of the narrative loses its power.

Gardner's strength as a fiction writer has always been his sensitivity toward "the life-prepared, well-given otherness" he is able to make and worthwhile.<sup>2</sup> In his better novels and short stories he accomplished this unsentimental celebration of human community through what Sidney described as poetry's greatest strength—the coupling of "the general notion with the particular example." In the new novel, action wrestles example to the ground, allowing it to rise only for a few calculated drifts after Michaelson oscillates as interminable sermon on the ethics of abortion, we know he's going to appropriate his imagined existence of fact for the moral dilemma himself. Michaelson's Ghost attempts to fold a Dorothy Sayers mystery, a Japanese-style drama of suspense, John Gardner's fiction glue isn't strong enough to prevent a bad bind.

—TOM PEACOCK

## Great expectations of a Jewish mother

THE OUTSIDE CHANCE OF

MAXIMILIAN GLICK

by Mosley Torrey  
(Lester and Orpen Dennys, 416 pages, \$33.95)

**T**he 18-year-old hero of Mosley Torrey's third book, *The Outside Chance of Maximillian Glick*, suffers from a condition common to many of literature's Jewish birthright or only sons: Job Woodlessness. It is caused by a surfeit of parental love so strong, writes the author, that it "transformed the gentlest shofar into a maximum intensity look."<sup>3</sup> Maximillian Glick's genius is part of a tightly knit Jewish community in Boston, a small town in New England, where the family follows the region's largest dairy farmer. Before Max is even walking, his parents and grandparents are busy defining his future every night at the dinner table, his mother positively transmogrified with visions of the accomplishments to come. "He was the son

of student and the persistence of internal revenue agents investigating his grandfather's tax returns. As an escape, he buys a rundown farmhouse in the backwoods of Pennsylvania. What was intended as a tonic turns to torment. The house is haunted by ghosts from anaceous murder, and Michaelson's parents have nothers to be congocters to events of life and death.

From a life of normalcy, the gormless protagonist finds "a new kind of being, a new meaning of things" when he becomes involved in a chain of murders, one of which he commits himself. In coming to grips with his own actions, the ethically astute a purveyor of maxims and homilies but remains bald enough to conduct long rants with

nothing less than another Einstein, one who would fulfill her dreams of silencing certain natural laws hitherto considered unshakable"—like the tendency of cigarette smoke to rise, or dust to settle. When his proud family buys him a piano, hoping that he will become another Horowitz on his spare time (when he isn't busy being a famous surgeon or judge or scientist), Max knows he's in trouble.

The second half of the story, a young Lubavitcher rabbi—a member of an extremely orthodox sect—descends on Boston like an extra-terrestrial, and causes just as much consternation. With his long red sidelocks, black frock coat and wide-brimmed hat, Rabbi Kalman Teitelbaum not only stops the goblins dead in their tracks, he makes the Jews square too. Used to the dignified but aloof ways of their former rabbis, an older gentleman who looked the

Mosley Torrey is still an admirably thrifty with words and as adept at grating humor as he was in his first two books, *A Good Place to Come From* and *The Abenaki Variations*. But the story of Maximillian Glick needs a bigger bite and a stronger sense of narrative to save a good comic plot from predictability. Alone on the way, Torrey gets knee-deep into a few pathology—ice cuts at times, implausible at others, and just a bit soggy throughout.

Torrey is often compared to other writers—a defanged Merviel Rothko, a Jewish Stephen Leacock. That may be unfair, but it's a temptation when a writer has such soft edges. He captures the absurdities of small-town existence in a distinctively Jewish way and he stays clear of urban angst—that's part of his charm. But he also seems to need guidance. Like the people he writes about, Torrey seems locked up in a generic prison—and ready for a jiffy-kick.

—JAMES TRIMM



Gardner: the general notion wrecks a particular example to the ground



Torrey: a defanged Montreal Rothko

to dilute his considerable gift for literary subtextual characters. Building the novel in the telling is an engaging teacher who momentarily enthralls with wit and witty asides, only to belabor his point by reciting verbatim from the text.

The problem lies in Gardner's choice and handling of the protagonist. The point of view is unconvincing—utterly dimensionally—that of Peter Michaelson, a college professor of literature who plays nice bearing on his middle age at the state university in Binghamton, N.Y. If Gardner had chosen a simpler being (such as the farceur of Gardner's *Light*) as an example of moral decline, we would have been spared the boring earnestness into abstract thought that

other was when Shostak's Jews were less than observant (and was unfortunately looking the other way when a boy was born); they are suddenly exonerated by a man whose very generosity makes them feel guilty.

Together the overhyped bog and reluctant rabbis act as catalysts on each other's lives. The rabbi, too, has been the victim of overbearing parental expectations. He had really wanted to be a stand-up comic, and it was only after his rabbi father broke down and wept that he went into the family business. By the time the rabbi attempts his own palliatives, he leaves behind a changed Maximillian.

Unfortunately, the plot outcome is more confusing than some of the writing,

## Indulging in baby talk

POTLUCK LOVE YOU YOUNG LITTLE SQUARE

by John Marley  
(Coach House, 40 pages, \$14.95)

**P**OTLUCK LOVE YOU YOUNG LITTLE SQUARE

by John Marley

(Coach House, 40 pages, \$14.95)

**T**wenty-five years ago Haengjung-born John Marley seemed poised to take the burgeoning world of Canadian letters by storm. Critics lavished praise on his perceptive first novel, *Under the Ribs of Death*, a skillful analysis of the immigrant mind set in Winnipeg during the 1930s. Since 2000 appeared as 1255, Marley has published nothing, giving rise to speculations that either he had lost his voice or was working on his magnum opus after a 30-year absence from the page. *Potluck Love You Young Little Square*, his first new work in three decades, is his second offering in a slim novella with the suprising title. *Potluck Love You Young Little Square*. In it, Marley returns to the immigrant community of 1930s, a world now scarcely recognizable as its children move into the sprawling metropolises of Canadian society in the 1990s. As if to express his anger, bewilderment and amazement at the changes, Marley has abandoned the sober realism of *Death* for the twirling whimsies of *Square*'s comedy.

He has created the beautiful, young, wistful worker Elen, who, despite the parent virus plus pustule, finds herself pregnant with a talking fetus called Potluck. As if this were not trouble enough,

## MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

### Fiction

1. *The Familial Serial*, Ladoff (3)
2. *The One True Possession* (3)
3. *The Man From St. Petersburg*, Paul Theroux (3)
4. *North and South*, Julian (2)
5. *Stealing Home*, Frank (3)
6. *The Last Tycoon*, Michael (3)
7. *Friday, November*
8. *Monsoon Season*, Greene (3)
9. *The Mosquito Coast*, Thirteenth (3)
10. *Celebrity Thompson* (3)

### Nonfiction

1. *Bar French's Workout Book*, Linda (3)
2. *The Great Crate*, Peter (3)
3. *Years of Pleasure, Kissing* (3)
4. *The Country Life Book of Dogs*, Frances of Wales, Louise Judge (3)
5. *Living, Loving & Learning*, Rosalind (3)
6. *The Perfect Fourth*, Schell (3)
7. *Big Bird and the Holy Grail*, Robert Coates (3)
8. *Life on Earth*, Attenborough (3)
9. *The Ugly Duckling Book*, Lorraine & Foster (3)
10. *Charles and Diana*, Will (3)
11. *Postmen Just Smile*

## FILMS

# Patterned on the past

THE SECRET OF NIMH  
Directed by Don Bluth

**M**ost of the current crop of movies, good or bad, depend an special effects for their magic. Once it grows up, the present generation of young moviegoers will have developed a nostalgia for technology—but



era, in which transformations of man and nonmammals kinds. Because of this, a deliberately muted, old-fashioned movie such as *The Secret of Nimh* seems particularly welcome, refreshing right now; it connects to the past.

The characters in *Nimh*—with big, sad eyes, dagger teeth, a wonderfully kinky crew—don't move with the technological tentativeness of a C.I.O. or an E.T., they slobber or flap about with an old-time effervescence. The story revolves around the effects of a very sweet, widowed mouse to move her house in the farmer's field before the tractor squashes it and her child. A courageous little creature, she travels to the Wise Owl, who refers her to the highly sophisticated rats who live under the farmer's house. Within some considerable suspense, in general, we meet an array of characters that sprung to life in glorious Crayola colors: a boozey semi-monster, an insatiable curmudgeon and the various rats.

The rats are by far the most interesting. Having been caged in a hole where they were subjected to injections, they have begun to take on aspects of human intelligence. The "secret" is correspondingly with the widow's plight as the movie effectively devolves toward its conclusion. For older children, *The Secret of Nimh* bypasses the state of the art en route to the more satisfying state of the heart.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

## TELEVISION

# A brief vacation

**T**he first commandment of public relations is well known no matter how good a job you're doing: you must be seen to be doing it. Largely this law is second nature at the *car*: In early April, a confounding leak to the press, stating that the high-powered public affairs program *The Journal* was going off the air for nine weeks after July 2, got lost. In translation, the officials did not make clear that the reason for the respite was reduced budget allocations. When the newspapers chose to call it staff fatigue, politicians and editorial writers across the country duly responded with knee-jerk hysterics about inadequate staffing and general CBC misapprehension.

The glib careerist then can argue, unbroken, for three weeks, leaving *Car* loaded with an impression of *The Journal* as an expensive toy rat on re-observable shelves, the plaything of busy-set professional. As *The Journal* prepared to shut down this week, the story of public relations was not lost on executive producer, Mark Bourneau: "They launch a show yet not fully armed, it fights a good fight, then they call it back because there's not enough fuel, and everybody throws-in partners at it. Meanwhile, nobody has noticed that it won the battle."

The vanquished are the taxpayers who said that the show would never float. *The Journal* made its debut on Jan. 11 as the public affairs cast to the news workshoppe *The National*, now telecasting at 10 p.m. instead of the traditional 11. Despite dire predictions that audiences would reject information programming in prime time, an average of 1.6 million viewers a night, 21 per cent of the total television audience, watched *The Journal* in its first three months. The *Car* last found for \$900,000 at best. The viewers saw more than 20 documentaries, equal to the English network's total public affairs output last season, among them were superb pieces by veteran reporter Peter Best from Kampuchea, Poland and Uganda. Working out of only two international bureaus, in London and Washington, *The Journal* managed to cover most of the world's hot spots from Toronto.

Before the debut the network had to procure its 25 affiliate stations to make up any shortfalls in advertising revenue caused by the *National/Journal* package but it ended up not paying a

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*The Financial Post*



Kent (right) with "Journal" crew in Kampuchea: constructing an institution

It is fair, although several affiliates experienced lower revenues, as a group they have already demonstrated their confidence by requesting a longer-term agreement for the show. On top of everything else, in its first three months, The Journal's operating costs actually came in under the projected amount in its estimated \$1-million-to-\$6-million budget.

Most of this passed unnoticed by media critics, who were concerned with giving kudos to fledgling advice to cohorts Barbara Frum and Mary Lou Finlay. More cogent criticism focused on how the show's flashy technology sacrificed content to form. "It's just a shallow imitation of ABC's *Nightline*," snorted Howard Klien, director of arts for the Rockefeller Foundation in New York. High on the ABC bar were the split-screen interviews which rarely escaped the mandatory airtime on the successful radio phone-in show. As *America*'s Arts coverage was cohosted novelist M.T. Kelly, in a Globe and Mail column, based at the program's "subsidized version of the arts," calling it an "honorable betrayal" of the CBC's mandate. Klien was scolded that there is room for improvement in arts as well as in the show's business coverage and its lack of balance between politics and the responsibility of building. *The Journal*, in a day, "is committed to institutions that should last 10 or 20 years," he says. "Where I'm at is not 'Let's hire each-and-each me-too-mouth editor' but 'Let's get an editor who's got a vision.'

Edit makes no money, however, so what did happen with those budget cuts? Although the CBC's 1982-'83 operating budget of about \$860 million (its 1981-'82 budget plus about 10 per cent for inflation) was approved by Parliament, the "inflation factor" was significantly lower than what the connaît all the other Crown corporations had expected from the Treasury Board. About \$3.8 million therefore had to be transferred from the CBC's full-budget network, says Vice-President and General Manager Peter Blaylock. "We were already spending the last sort of other areas ... so now you simply don't eat any more." As a result, some operating expenses for the potentially Journal were cut. The break will bring unforeseen benefits, though, as documentaries are reinvented and new approaches tested: definitely cited is a revamped interview area so that Frum and Finlay can occasionally talk in the studio to humans, not screens. Bumper rolls will grind on, too, with speculation centring on Frum, Finlay and Kent; depending on your local mores, seat percentages of the three will (or will not) be collecting next season.

The customer replacement may prove surprisingly beneficial to satisfy Canadian-government requirements, the net-new will has a largely domestic potential of drama, comedy and nature series. This burgeoning fate, plus many more repeats of ongoing newsmagazines, may have been hanging by the skin of its teeth, but it's still there. The *Journal* ones it stands up again in September, *America* says, "People now argue whether we did the right or wrong interview with that Israeli cabinet minister—a year ago there wouldn't have been an interview."

—MARK CHANDRICK

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MACKENZIE & TAYLOR, 1983



# Yo ho ho and four bottles of wine

By Allan Fotheringham

It's not the big things in government that kill you, but the little ones. Harper on the payroll. Some dumb Liberal cabinet minister places a judge. Head Libeorgue's most competent legislature performer steals a sports jacket from Eaton's. Business sleeps with a German day. The public can ignore these subtleties of government while growing glared over all the nerves in the national debt. Various of statesmanship and constitutional reform stall while the headlines roll on level we all understand—cheating, lying, drinking, watching. We love to wallow in the Tax Commissioners and get a secret thrill when our poor politicians violate them.

So it is with the grand schemes of Social Credit, the Bible Belt descendants who rule Bessie Columbia, otherwise known as British Columbia. They are earnest in tone full of rectitude and benevolence, after-shaved—and ridged with neighbors who have broken the amateur law of politics. They don't get caught with the little stuff. The economy melts, the dollar drops, unemployment soars. What is the main concern of the reporters? It is the Peafly-Fuseli Kid, Broadway Bob, and Two-Bottle Bill, three evil-sounding hooligans if you've ever heard of one. Their names, their nicknames and their imaginary exploits have succeeded in underpinning the chance of the Liberals keeping their three from the numerous New Democrats of Dave Barrett, no mean man himself with a chap shyster.

The Peafly-Fuseli Kid is the Hon Peter Hyndman. The phone "upward mobile" was arrested for Peter Hyndman. A smooth, ambitious lawyer, he has had the bad luck to have Consumer Affairs as his first portfolio in the Sacred cabinet. Bad luck because a clerk in his office, disturbed at his expense accounts, photocopied all of them and leaked them to the grateful sun. The New Democrats, ever mindful of their public responsibilities, coaxed Allan Fotheringham in a column for *Southern News*.

them to The Vancouver Sun, which happens to have a publisher by the name of Clark Dwyer. Mr Hyndman, it turned out, had claimed for a \$61.20 meal with Mr Dwyer. One small problem: Mr Dwyer had never dined with Mr Hyndman. Mr Dwyer, no shrinking violet when it comes to personal publicity, splashed the story with coverage only slightly less than that expected for World War III. Of interest was the \$374.82 dinner Mr Hyndman, champion of BC consumers, doled out to Vancouver's trendiest restaurant at which his wife and two other couples dined.

He were looking into the case, further straining (and depressing) poor Bill Bennett.

The XTC, sniffling like pigs meeting out traffic, asserted the New York expense accounts of Energy Minister Bob McLeodland, a swarthy socializing former country-and-western singer type who still wears stetsons as the size of two-by-fours. Broadway Bob, as he was immediately dubbed in the legislature, had blown some \$1,298, including \$225 for tickets to *Sugar Babies*, the raunchy Mickey Rooney-Ann Miller burlesque musical, while keeping a honk-tonne waiting at the curb. There was Hugh Carte, the unromantic finance minister, detected spending \$1,290 on Broadway tickets, including a research trip to The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas. As things descended to the ridiculous, it was detected (oh shame!) that Bennett's press secretary has charged to the taxpayer two bottles of Johnny Walker Black Label to satisfy the thirsts of a jeans gallery party.

All of it makes Bill Bennett weep. A card-carrying workaholic, he labors alone in his paper till broadsheet in the lonely, perpetually dark room he is building the first thermal stadium in Canada, showpiece of his 200-acre redevelopment of an industrial site in Vancouver, the largest urban renewal project in North America, which will be renamed by a 1986 world's fair. His mega-project of coal shipments to Japan is designed to dramatically shift Canada's export figures. He dreams great dreams—and is much involved in Peafly-Fuseli. Mai was remember him his father, W.A.C. Bennett, was brought down after 20 years of epic empire-building by the pseudosocialists of Phillips Petroleum Co., the evangelical speed freak doused with dubious double books in his jet transits.

Bennett, the first premier to hire Mr Trudeau's request for results on government employee incomes, fails the public with visions of Sodden and Gonorrhea dancing in their heads. *Sugar Babies* and *Whorehouse* in Texas, washed down with \$37.50 wine in the back of an air-conditioned limousine. He is mugged to death by docks.



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